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THE INVASION OF INDIANA—A COLORED AMAZON LEGION.

Theseus Voorhees. "Not consternation, but indignation: indignation at the fraud which is being practiced upon a weak, credulous people, by telling them that they can find plenty of employment in Indiana, when there is really no demand for their labor."

[" *Of five hundred and twenty-eight colored people who have gone to Indiana, one-half were women.*"—Exodus Committee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

BACK NUMBERS.

Owing to the extraordinary demands of new subscribers, the back numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, BAZAR, and YOUNG PEOPLE are for the present entirely out of stock. Subscribers who have ordered back numbers of these periodicals will receive them as soon as they can be reprinted.

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"THE PIVOTAL STATE."

THE recent KELLY Democratic conference in Albany resolved that the last election in New York showed that the Democratic party, if united, will be a majority in the State. What the last election actually showed appears from the official figures. There were 896,646 votes cast for Governor. Of these the two Democratic candidates together received 453,356, and the Republican candidate received 418,567. The remainder of the votes were divided between the Greenback candidate, who received 20,286 votes, and the Prohibition candidate, who received 4437 votes. The Republican candidate received, therefore, 34,789 votes less than the two Democratic candidates, while his minority upon the whole vote was 59,512. As the Greenback vote was largely Democratic, it can not be denied that upon the figures of the returns for Governor the Albany conference was justified in claiming the State for the united Democracy. In the late election the Republican machine risked the loss of the State upon the chance of a Democratic bolt. Will it take the same risk this year in the Presidential election? If Mr. KELLY and his friends had not bolted, Governor CORNELL would have been defeated. His nomination was forced upon an unwilling and doubting party, because of the confidence of the party managers that the Democrats would be divided. Had those managers any authentic assurance, in advance, of such a bolt? There is no impropriety in the question, for after the bolt there was an apparent collusion between Tammany Hall and the Republican machine. Is there any similar understanding now? Does the Republican machine depend upon Democratic aid to carry the State for the Republican Presidential candidate? These are questions of great interest and significance to honest Republicans in New York, because they involve the further question whether Republican politics in the State have become a mere bargain for personal power, without regard to principles or to the public welfare.

It is conceded that New York is the essential State in the Presidential election of this year. But there are other considerations than the figures which we have cited which show that it is a doubtful State. At the last election the Republican candidate for Governor received 20,000 votes less than the candidate for Comptroller. There is no doubt that he received also a large KELLY vote, which should be deducted from his Republican support. The appeal for him was made wholly upon the national issue. Yet more than twenty thousand Republicans declined to vote for him. This reveals not only a very strong feeling, but the courage to express it at the polls. It demonstrates conclusively that there is a body of Republican voters in New York who will not support a candidate merely because he has the party nomination. They hold the balance of power in the State. They are individual and unknown voters, who are not to be reached by threats, or blandishments, or sneers. They do not talk about it, but they vote or stay at home, and the result is seen when the votes are counted. If we estimate the Republican vote of the State at 500,000, it includes enough independent voters to decide the election. Now politics is an exceedingly practical business. Yet there are few persons who are so thoroughly unpractical as those who pride themselves upon being practical politicians. The KELLY bolt of last year proves that if Mr. TILDEN is nominated he will be defeated, because the KELLY men would no more hesitate to vote against him than against ex-Governor ROBINSON. It is true that Mr. TILDEN may contrive to beat any candidate whom they may favor. But that is a minor matter. The primary object of the KELLY party is to defeat Mr. TILDEN, and they have shown that they can do it and will do it, even by promoting the election of a Republican. Applying this same observation to the Republican party, it has been demonstrated that a candidate for the Governorship who is seriously objectionable can not command a certain Republican vote, and it follows that the nomination of any candidate for the Presidency who is seriously objectionable to that vote would be a wanton invitation of defeat. Of course there is a stereotyped answer to such a suggestion: "Is the majority to yield to a minority? Is a miserable sore-head crew to dictate to the party?" For "party" read "machine," and the question is not very appalling. Why should not the wishes and convictions of twenty thousand Republicans of New York be as much considered as the interests of a dozen Republicans who, by virtue of place and patronage, pack primaries and dictate nominations? Politics, we repeat, is very practical. What is wanted is votes, and this talk about a minority dictating to a majority is well answered by the Indianapolis *Journal* to a correspondent who proposes to hustle "scratchers" into the back seats. The *Journal* says:

"'Simon says, thumbs up,' but Simon should remember that while close communion may answer very well as a rule of faith for a church, it would not answer as a rule of action for a political party.... If Indiana is carried by the Republicans this year, the party will have to recruit some votes from other parties, or receive into its fold the independent voter who subsists by scratching. There is nothing wicked in receiving converts from these sources. There is another class, however, to which 'Simon Pure' may refer, and they are Republicans who have always been Republicans, but who will scratch a ticket rather than vote for a bad nominee. The way to treat such men is to make such nominations as will give them no excuse for scratching; and just here arises the importance of nominating the very best men, and nominating them by methods which are open, fair, and frank."

There are many honest Republicans who urge us privately and earnestly to do nothing to imperil Republican success this year. Our very object is not to imperil it, and we therefore protest most strongly against those plans and courses which seem to us to lead straight to Republican defeat. Republican success is imperiled by nothing so much as a policy based upon the theory that all Republicans will support any regular party action. They will not. It is a fatal delusion, and our duty to our desire of Republican success requires us to recall that fact to all concerned. The request not to endanger the cause means, in other words, not to oppose the machine. But we oppose the machine only when it plainly endangers the cause. If every independent Republican paper should silently acquiesce in all that is done in the party name and by party managers, the party would be ruined by the next election, because of the refusal of thousands of Republicans, who have no other voice than the press, to sustain what they disapprove. Every opinion in the party ought to be heard and known. A wise and politic course is otherwise impossible. It is sheer nonsense to insist that the majority must decide the policy of the party. Of course the majority will decide, but equally of course it can not and will not bind the action of voters who think its decision injurious to the public welfare. It is only the knowledge that there are multitudes of such voters, who will vote as they think, which tempers the action of party managers. New York is the essential State for both parties in the coming election, and New York is a very doubtful State. It can not be carried for a Republican candidate, as the last election proves, by the mere force of whip and spur, of bluster and brag.

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICANS.

THE Independent Republican Committee in the city of New York, which was, we believe, the only local organization representing the twenty thousand Republicans who scratched the Republican ticket at the last election, have issued a "statement of principles" as the basis of concerted action in the pending campaign. We print it elsewhere, and we remind our readers that this organization has shown the courage of its principles. In the face of the most contemptuous and rancorous abuse from other Republicans, it quietly held its ground during the campaign, and, except for the Democratic bolt, would have defeated the Republican candidate for Governor. When, therefore, these Republicans say, as in this "statement," that they will labor for the defeat of any Republican candidate whom they do not deem fit, they merely state what they have already done, and done effectively. In 1876, when the Union League Club adopted certain reform resolutions as containing sentiments which were worthy of the attention of party managers, Governor CORNELL, then chairman of the State Committee, described them in a dispatch to Mr. CONKLING as "impudent." It would not be a happy phrase to apply to the suggestions of the Independent Republican "statement," because they are, without any doubt whatever, the convictions of many of the most intelligent, earnest, and active young Republicans in the country, whose votes are indispensable to success.

Among the sound planks of this platform is that which asserts the independence of the voter, and declares it to be his duty to vote against bad measures and unfit men as the only means of obtaining good ones. When the practical workings of a party no longer represent its professed principles, the honest party man will vote against it. He will not be in the least distressed by the taunt that he is voting in the air, because experience proves to him that he is not. Evidently there would be no political progress if a man were always to vote with his party merely because it is his party, and without regard to the fact that it did or did not attempt to do what he wishes to have done, and to vote with it for no better reason than that the other party is quite as bad, and certainly will do no more. This is like arguing that a man who wishes to go to Albany should take the train to Boston because the other train goes to Philadelphia. If his object be Albany, he will take neither. When a man really has certain public ends in view as of paramount importance, he will do as the Liberty Party men did in New York in 1844. They were chiefly Whigs, but they refused to vote for Mr. CLAY, and they did so because they were satisfied that the paramount issue was slavery, and that the Whig party was not an antislavery party. To the argument that it was more antislavery than the Democratic party, they replied that if a man wished to shoot something, a gun without a trigger was as useless as a gun without a lock.

The Independent Republicans are doubtless aware that practical politics generally offers only an alternative, and that no man can have in politics all that he wishes. There must be surrender and concession and compromise, and if he can not get a whole loaf, he must be grateful for a half. Independent men, indeed, are the very men who understand these great truths, and who are not humbugged by them. If they want honest money, and administrative reform, and the protection of voters, they vote or refrain from voting, according to their own view of probabilities, and not according to the view of a clique or ring who have no stronger convictions nor greater sagacity. There comes a time when a party is really hopeless as an agency of progress. But those who refuse to support it longer—the Conscience Whigs in Massachusetts, the Liberty Party men in New York, the Free-Soilers of '48, the Republicans of '53—are men who know perfectly well that in politics you must compromise, but who know perfectly well also that a time comes when you can compromise no longer. We trust that the time is far distant when this question will be forced upon Republicans. The great measures of progress of the last twenty years have been achieved by the Republican party. Those which are now most pressing, the protection of honest voting, reform of the civil service, and sound finance, are to be expected from the Republican party. Certainly a Democratic victory this year, under any candidate—Mr. SEYMOUR, Mr. BAYARD, General HANCOCK—however personally excellent he might be, would not be to any intelligent American the assurance of greater security for the ballot, or swifter reform of the service, or sounder finance. This is plain enough. Let it be made equally plain that Republican victory assures these things; that the Republican programme contemplates no reaction, no return to things which have been condemned, but a continuation of the general policy which under this Administration has restored Republican prestige, and the country will gladly renew Republican ascendency.

AN ABUSE TO BE CORRECTED.

THERE is a large body of persons in the country to whom the reform of the civil service is a question of primary importance. They are generally of Republican sympathies, and their preference among candidates will be determined in a great degree by the probable interests of this reform. Neither its importance nor the rapidly increasing sense of its importance can be denied longer. The demoralization of politics, and the corruption and inefficiency in all branches of the public service produced by patronage, are crying evils of which the public mind is rapidly becoming aware. These evils appear in the most unexpected quarters. In public charitable institutions, among the nurses and attendants in public asylums, wherever there is a place, however small, to be filled, the slime of the trail of political patronage is to be found. On the other hand, drunken, incapable, dishonest subordinates can be removed from such places only with the greatest difficulty; and there is no department of the public service in which the mischiefs of mere political patronage are more evident. As the facts become more fully known, the good sense of the country asks whether a system so absurd and wasteful is an indispensable accompaniment of Republican government. Letters which we receive from all parts of the Union indicate the depth and strength of the interest; and the reception of Mr. EATON'S *History of the Abuses and Reforms in the Civil Service of Great Britain* is another striking sign. The book is not a pamphlet, but a grave and earnest and exhaustive treatment of the subject, and no recent publication has attracted more thoughtful attention, or has been more carefully and favorably reviewed.

One of the most conspicuous of the abuses which have grown up under our system of appointment is the dictation of candidates to the Executive by members of Congress. The Constitution associates the Senate with the President in completing certain appointments, but gives Congress no share in the great mass of them. The reason is obvious. If the right of dictation or of selection were allowed to Congress, it would usurp the executive as well as the legislative powers, which the Constitution and the spirit of our government strictly separate. The consequences of tolerating such interference are not less evident. The Executive would necessarily lose its independence. The recommendations which it is its constitutional duty to make to Congress would depend for their favorable consideration upon Executive pliancy to the desires of members in regard to the patronage. The practice, moreover, would give the Representative of a district exclusive command of all its patronage, which, under our system, would make him a political autocrat whose favor would be the condition of appointment. How this practice would debauch the party and politics in a district, experience has demonstrated, for we are speaking of an evil which is familiar, and of a usurpation which has been in a great degree accomplished. It is the source of infinite intrigue and corruption, and the holder of this power has an illicit ascendency, not a natural and proper leadership, which makes him virtually the law of his party in his district.

The friends of a real reform will see with regret some opinions of General GRANT, which we find quoted from the fifteenth part of *Around the World with General Grant*, lately issued. The ex-President truly says that "patronage is the bane of the Presidential office," and that "a large share of the vexations and cares of the Executive comes from patronage," but he proceeds to statement of his practical acquiescence in one of the most radical abuses that demand reform:

"Civil service reform rests entirely with Congress. If members and Senators will give up claiming patronage, that will be a step gained. But there is an immense amount of human nature in members of Congress, and it is in human nature to seek power and use it, and to help friends. An Executive must consider Congress. A government machine must run, and an Executive depends on Congress. The members have their rights as well as himself. If he wants to get along with Congress, have the government go smoothly, and secure wholesome legislation, he must be in sympathy with Congress. It has become the habit of Congressmen to share with the Executive in the responsibility of appointments. It is unjust to say that this habit is necessarily corrupt. It is simply a custom that has grown up, a fact that can not be ignored. The President very rarely appoints, he merely registers the appointments of members of Congress."

Members of Congress undoubtedly have their rights as well as the President, but whence do they acquire any right to usurp his functions? If he chooses to consult with them, it is not, certainly, because of any "right" upon their part. Nothing is truer than that it has become the habit of members of Congress to share the responsibility of appointments, except that the Constitution devolves that responsibility upon the Executive. It may be unjust to say that it is necessarily a corrupt practice, but it is undeniable that it is a practice which has no warrant in the Constitution, and which necessarily fosters corruption. It is undoubtedly a custom that can not be ignored, but it is unquestionably one that ought to be reformed. Its absolute usurpation could not be more pointedly described than by General GRANT'S own words: "The President very rarely appoints; he merely registers the appointments of members of Congress." The assertion frequently made that the abuse is necessary, is disproved by the example of other countries, and by the indignant protest of intelligent Americans, who know quite as much of the subject as professional politicians. It is necessary to the power of trading politicians, but it is injurious to the public service, and fatal to political integrity. This question is not, in-

deed, the only question before us, but it is one of the most important, and it is well worthy careful attention in deciding upon the Presidential nomination.

THE "SHEPHERD'S FOLD."

THE disclosures in regard to the cruelty of the "Shepherd's Fold" are appalling. The very name of the den in which the friendless children were tortured is a grotesque and ghastly satire. "Feed my lambs" was one of the touching and beautiful exhortations over which Christendom has always fondly hung as an illustration of the infinitely tender spirit of Christianity, and the crime of COWLEY seems all the greater because of the perverted title of his place of torment for children. The tale as told in the papers, and the pitiful evidence of his victims in the courts, is one of the saddest revelations of the abuse of the name of charity that was ever made.

It will not be forgotten that this man and his doings were exposed some time ago, but for some reason the matter was dropped. He has gained a sense of immunity from his escape, with what results these terrible tales apprise us. He seems to have no defense or explanation to offer, and his counsel withdrew from the case, moving that the proceedings should cease upon the surrender of the children, and stating to a reporter that public opinion was already so decided that it was useless to try to produce another impression. It is not surprising that if nothing could be said, no defense should be attempted.

The humane obligation of this community to Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and to the officers and members of the Society, should be frankly acknowledged. The existence of the Society is fully justified were this the only good work it had done. Mr. LEWIS L. DELAFIELD and Mr. M. TAYLOR PYNE very properly declined, as legal advisers of the Society, to permit the case to end by giving up the children. For the public is concerned to know two things: first, whether there is no legal penalty for such crimes; and second, whether there is any defect in the law authorizing the supervision of such institutions. The Board of Charities has done nobly in its unshrinking investigations into the management of charitable institutions. It has been sometimes assailed for meddling officiousness. But except for a board which is willing to provoke and to endure that sneer, "Shepherd's Folds" of the COWLEY pattern would multiply. The more the light of publicity is turned upon such caves of iniquity, the sooner they will disappear, and with the effective aid, in this special department, of Mr. GERRY'S Society, the board may hope that its most vigorous action will be supported by public opinion.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

AT the request of the Committee on the Library of the Union League Club of New York, the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS has prepared a historical sketch of its origin, organization, and work, which has been printed by the Club in a neat and handsome form. The volume has a singular interest, for it gives an inspiring glimpse of the great and glorious days in which the Club was founded. The Union League Club is a monument of the high and efficient patriotism of the most intelligent and most substantial and representative citizens of New York during the rebellion. While certain other citizens were engaged in forming the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge," the object of which was to publish "Copperhead" tracts, to furnish indirect aid to the rebellion by defending slavery and perplexing the government, the founders of the Union League were engaged in forming a club of which patriotism was the inspiration, and national union, national freedom, and national spirit were the objects.

Dr. BELLOWS was the president of the patriotic and efficient Sanitary Commission, one of the most humane and beneficent agencies in the history of war, and he has a pardonable pride in the fact that the Union League Club was its child. It originated in the suggestion of Professor WOLCOTT GIBBS, now of Cambridge, a grandson of OLIVER WOLCOTT, and whose active devotion to his duties in the board of management of the Sanitary Commission is a fine illustration of the patriotic spirit of the war. Dr. BELLOWS justly holds that the Commission was not merely a humanitarian association. It was designed to be, as it unquestionably was, an agency for developing and strengthening the national sentiment, and a social club was seen to be a most effective means of extending and promoting this work. The same idea had already organized the Union League Club in Philadelphia, which thus actually went into operation before that in New York, which was, however, already planned.

From that day to this the Club has exercised a positive and powerful influence upon both political opinion and action in this community. Its great days and events are duly recorded by Dr. BELLOWS, down to the admirable inaugural address of President HAMILTON FISH. The work is very interesting and very timely. Its author is himself a part, from the beginning, of what he describes, and he has here preserved much of vital interest that otherwise must have perished. If the Club shall continue to be animated by the spirit which Dr. BELLOWS invokes, it will continue to be, as it has always been, a fountain of the purest patriotism.

MR. BLAINE UPON REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

AMONG the speeches in the Senate in eulogy of the late Senator CHANDLER, that of Mr. BLAINE was remarkable for a characterization of the first Republican Senators. It is pleasant to recall the names of the sturdy men who maintained Republican principles when they were those by which the country was to be saved. The men whom Mr. BLAINE mentions belonged to a great epoch, and they will stand in history like the statesmen of the Commonwealth in England. The orator sketches them with incisive skill, and if the name of CHASE be missed from the list, it had been already mentioned with that of WEBSTER in the opening of the speech:

"The party in opposition, to which Mr. CHANDLER belonged, was weak in numbers, but strong in character, intellect, and influence. SEWARD, with his philosophy of optimism, his deep study in the working of political forces, and his affluence of rhetoric, was its accepted leader. He was upheld and sustained by SUMNER, with his wealth of learning and his burning zeal for the right; by FESSENDEN, less philosophic than SEWARD, less learned than SUMNER, but more logical and skilled in fence than either; by WADE, who in mettle and make-up was a Cromwellian, who, had he lived in the days of the Commonwealth, would have fearlessly followed the Protector in the expulsion of an illegal Parliament, or drawn the sword of the Lord and of GIDEON to smite hip and thigh the Amalekites, who appeared anew in the persons of the Cavaliers; by COLLAMER, wise, learned, pure, and dignified—a Conscript Father in look and in fact; by JOHN P. HALE, who never faltered in his devotion to the antislavery cause, and who had, earlier than any of his associates, broken his alliance with the old parties, and given his eloquent voice to the cause of the despised Nazarene; by TRUMBULL, capable, untiring, the first Republican Senator from that great State which has since added so much to the grandeur and glory of our history; by HAMLIN, with long training, with devoted fidelity, with undaunted courage, who came anew to the conflict of ideas with a State behind him with its faith and in its force, and who of all the illustrious Senate of 1857 is with us to-day; by CAMERON, with wide and varied experience in affairs, with consummate tact in the government of parties, whose active political life began in the days of MONROE, and who, after a prolonged and stormy career, still survives by reason of strength at fourscore, with the strong attachment of his friends, the respect of his opponents, the hearty good wishes of all. Into association with these men Mr. CHANDLER entered when in his forty-fourth year."

SOUND DOCTRINE.

THE Independent Republican Committee has issued the following paper, upon which we comment elsewhere:

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

I. Independent Republicans adhere to the Republican principles of national supremacy, sound finance, and civil service reform, expressed in the Republican platform of 1876, in the letter of acceptance of President HAYES, and in his Message of 1879, and they seek the realization of those principles in practical laws and their efficient administration. This requires:

1. The continuance on the statute-book of laws protecting the rights of voters at national elections. But national supremacy affords no pretext for interference with the local rights of communities, and the development of the South from its present defective civilization can be secured only under constitutional methods, such as those of President HAYES.

2. The passage of laws which shall deprive greenbacks of their legal-tender quality, as a first step toward their ultimate withdrawal and cancellation, and shall maintain all coins made legal tender at such weight and fineness as will enable them to be used without discount in the commercial transactions of the world.

3. The repeal of the acts which limit the terms of office of certain government officials to four years; the repeal of the tenure-of-office acts, which limit the power of the Executive to remove for cause; the establishment of a permanent civil service commission, or equivalent measures, to ascertain by open competition and certify to the President or other appointing power the fitness of applicants for nomination or appointment to all non-political offices.

II. Independent Republicans believe that local issues should be independent of party. The words Republican and Democrat should have no weight in determining whether a school district or a city shall be administered on business principles by capable men. With a view to this, legislation is asked which shall prescribe for the voting for local and for State officers upon separate ballots.

III. Independent Republicans assert that a political party is a co-operation among voters to secure the practical enactment into legislation of political convictions set forth as its platform. Every voter accepting that platform is a member of that party; any representative of that party opposing the principles or evading the promises of its platform forfeits the support of its voters. No voter should be held by the action or nomination of any caucus or convention of his party against his private judgment. It is his duty to vote against bad measures and unfit men as the only means of obtaining good ones, and if his party no longer represents its professed principles in its practical workings, it is his duty to vote against it.

IV. Independent Republicans seek good nominations through participation in the primaries, and through the defeat of bad nominees; they will labor for the defeat of any local Republican candidate, and, in co-operation with those holding like views elsewhere, for the defeat of any general Republican candidate, whom they do not deem fit.

THE CHANGES IN THE BOARD OF REGENTS.

AT the recent annual meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of New York, Dr. WOOLWORTH, who has been the secretary for a generation, resigned, and his resignation was received in a manner which showed the strong feeling of personal regard for him, and the deep sense of the value of his official services, which were entertained by the board. Dr. WOOLWORTH was called to the secretaryship when his name was among the most eminent of the teachers in the State, and it was in itself a passport to the confidence and respect of every higher school when he began his new official relations to them. During all the time that followed, the cause of education in New York had no more intelligent friend, and the State no more diligent officer.

The secretary is the executive officer of the board. He conducts its enormous correspondence, and superintends the vast detail which its work involves. This labor was performed most faithfully during Dr. WOOLWORTH'S long term of service, and only those who are familiar with its ramifications can properly estimate the accuracy and value of his performance. As the board truly stated in the minute which they entered upon their journal upon accepting the resignation, no public work in the State of equal importance has been more efficiently and economically done. The condition of Dr. WOOLWORTH'S health warned him that he needed the repose which he had so richly earned, and which all who know him earnestly desire that he may long enjoy.

He is succeeded by Dr. DAVID MURRAY—an appointment of the highest importance, made without the slightest political or partisan interference. Dr. MURRAY is a son of New York, a distinguished teacher in his earlier years, subsequently a professor at Rutgers College, in New Jersey, and more recently the organizer of the new system of education in Japan. He is a gentleman singularly fitted for the position of secretary of the Regents, not only by his special attainments and experience among the schools, and his broad and generous comprehension of the subject of education, but by his remarkable administrative and organizing power. He and the State are to be sincerely congratulated upon his selection to be the executive officer of the board which manages the relations of the State to the academies and colleges.

CIVIL PENSIONS.

AMONG the bills introduced in the Legislature of New York on the first day of its session was one by Senator FORSTER providing for pensions to the Judges of the Court of Appeals and of the Supreme Court, and certain other courts, who are disqualified by age, or whose health, impaired by the service, compels them to resign after a continuous term of five years, the pension not to exceed in amount two-thirds of the annual salary of the office. This bill contains a very important principle, which is applied in the case of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and which is founded on a sound view of the public service.

There is no complaint of the pensions awarded in the army and navy. On the contrary, it is universally agreed that citizens who spend their lives and health in the service of the state, and are worn out in that service, should not be turned out to starve. Like all systems of expenditure, a system of pensions should be judicious, but it is no argument against it that it increases taxation. Increase of taxation in itself is not an evil; on the contrary, it may be the means of withstanding very great evils. Taxes for the sake of promoting public economy are not burdens. They are burdensome only when they are laid for unwise and extravagant purposes. No reasonable methods of increasing the probabilities of securing the ablest judiciary could be considered to be extravagant, even if they involved large salaries without a pension, or smaller salaries with proper security for enforced retirement by age or ill health.

No one would be so hardy as to insist that men—and there are such from the necessity of the case—who have grown old and are almost superannuated in the civil service, after wearing out their lives by honest toil for the state, upon a modest salary, are not as much entitled to a pension as the brave men who have worn its military or naval uniform. The money which should be spent in a wise system of civil pensions, like every measure which looks to a more efficient service, would be an economy, for it would be returned in the savings from such a service, and in the character of the men whom it would attract to it.

PERSONAL.

"A MODERATE LIBERAL," writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, revives the charge that Mr. GLADSTONE sympathized with the South and slavery during the rebellion. The accusation was based upon a speech made at Newcastle in 1862, in which Mr. GLADSTONE declared his belief that JEFFERSON DAVIS had succeeded in making the South a nation. The writer entirely ignores the fact that the ex-Premier promptly denied this allegation when it was first made, and offered an explanation that perfectly satisfied his friends in this country. Mr. GLADSTONE, in a letter to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, reiterates the denial, and points for the proof to his letter to General SCHENCK, published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1876. "This letter," he says, "was largely commented on in England, and it obtained from Mr. FISH, then Secretary of State in America, a courteous declaration, in which he acquitted me of all conscious hostility to the Northern government."

—While dwelling amongst us no journalist was more widely esteemed, professionally and socially, than Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, who from 1848 to 1867 was the editor and proprietor of the New York *Albion*, a paper that under his management was conspicuous for its high tone, and for the vigor that pervaded its various departments. In addition to his journalistic duties Mr. YOUNG was successful in authorship, and his translations of the songs and lyrical poems of BÉRANGER went through several editions. Other translations and original works were equally popular. Mr. YOUNG has just given to the public another volume of translations, published in London by Messrs. C. KEAGAN PAUL & Co. (the "Co." being Mr. A. CHENEVIX TRENCH, son of Archbishop TRENCH, now on a visit to New York). The principal poem of the collection is "Gottlob," by FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, a production of unusual merit. His old friends in this country will be glad to see by "Gottlob" that Mr. YOUNG'S long residence in "lettered ease" in Paris has not in the least impaired the freshness and vigor of his intellect.

—Dr. THOMAS MAYO BREWER, who died recently in Boston, was a gentleman of note in that city and in New England. He came of good old Revolutionary stock. His grandfather, Colonel JAMES BREWER, was a leader in the "Boston tea party" in 1773. Dr. BREWER graduated at Harvard in the class of 1835, and in the Medical School in 1838. After some years of practice he began to write for the press, and became one of the editorial staff of the Boston *Atlas*. Subsequently, and for many years, he was one of its proprietors. He was a clear, able, vigorous writer, and held in the highest esteem by the leading public men of New England. Dr. BREWER also took an active and influential part in the cause of education, and for over thirty years was a member of the Boston School Committee, of which at his death he was the senior member. He had recently prepared for HARPER'S MAGAZINE an exceedingly interesting article upon AUDUBON, containing copies of letters received from that eminent naturalist, with whom for many years he had the most intimate personal relations. One of those who knew him well says: "While not ambitious for places of honor or trust, he did not avoid the opportunity to be useful when it was in his power to serve his fellow-citizens. He was ambitious only of such recompense as he received from the consciousness of having honestly performed his duty. In his social circle he was justly esteemed and loved, and there are many who have enjoyed a life-long acquaintance with him who will look in vain over the list of the departed to find one who was more personally loyal to friendship and to truth."

—Professor JAMES DE MILLE, who has just died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was well known in this country as a novelist. He graduated from Brown University, and soon afterward accepted a professorship at Acadia College, where he remained several years, and then went to Dalhousie College to occupy the chair of History and Rhetoric. His earliest literary venture was a series of books for boys; but he first became generally known as an author through his "Dodge Club," which originally appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He afterward published *Cord and Creese*, *The Cryptogram*, *The American Baron*, and other novels, all of which were exceptionally popular. In skillful dramatic construction, versatility of invention, and power of characterization DE MILLE was the equal of WILKIE COLLINS, and his superior in humorous delineation.

—Mr. SAMUEL SMILES has received from the King of Italy a valuable decoration as a mark of the royal appreciation of his books. *Self-Help*, translated, has been sold in Italy to the number of 50,000 copies.

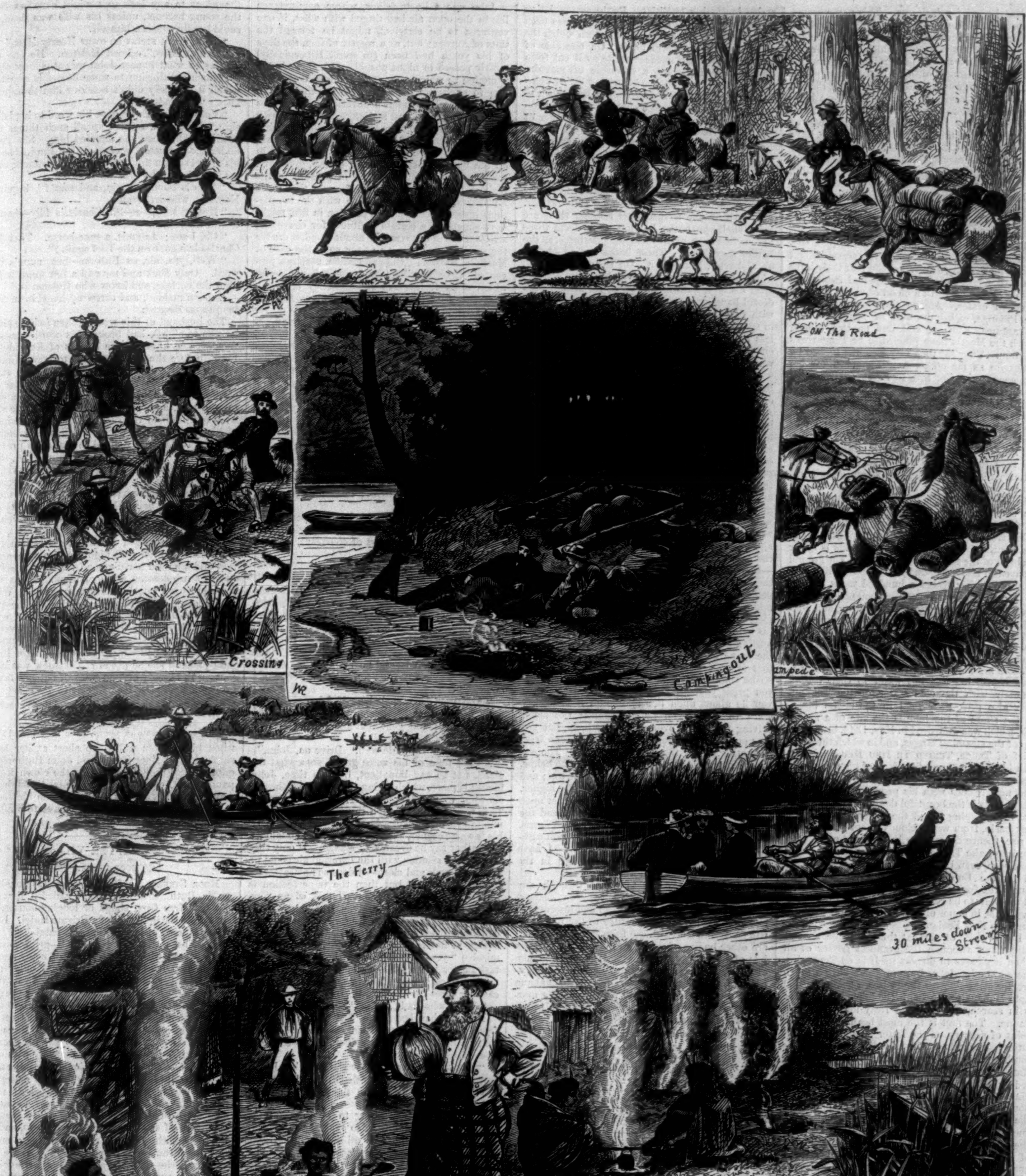
—THOMAS LANDSEER, who died in London a few days ago, was the eldest of the three brothers who have attained such distinction as artists. Sir EDWIN LANDSEER died in 1873. The only survivor is CHARLES, who now enjoys a pension as a retired keeper of the Royal Academy. The American public know THOMAS LANDSEER best by his engraving of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair," and many engravings, in mezzotint and line, of the works of his brother Sir EDWIN. THOMAS LANDSEER was eighty-three years of age.

—Colonel S. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER, who has just been appointed Comptroller of Trinity Parish, in place of the late General DIX, is only thirty-six years of age, and of the old VAN RENSSELAER family, his mother being a daughter of STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, of Albany, and his father, JOHN C. CRUGER, a gentleman of fortune, who lived at his country-seat on Cruger's Island, in the Hudson, just above Tarrytown. After being educated abroad, Mr. CRUGER returned to this country in 1861, and in October, 1862, joined the One-hundred-and-fiftieth New York Regiment as First Lieutenant. He was in a great many engagements, and took part in SHERMAN'S campaign, in which he was dangerously wounded. For his services he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. He is now Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, of this city. The position to which he has just been appointed is one of honor and responsibility, with a salary of $8000 a year.

—Judge BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS resigned from the Supreme Court of the United States in 1857, after having served but six years. He could not live as he desired to do and support his family on the pitiful salary of $8000 a year then paid to the judges of our high court of appeal. The step was both wise and prudent, for in the seventeen years that elapsed between his retirement from the bench and his death he received for opinions and law arguments, which were his exclusive business, $650,000, or over $38,000 per annum. Judge CURTIS was the first and only judge of the Supreme Court of the United States to retire from that position and resume the practice of his profession.

—In one of General GRANT'S long talks with JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG while at sea, and which is recorded in Mr. YOUNG'S very interesting book now in course of publication, the General speaks thus of ex-Secretary FISH: "HAMILTON FISH is, I think, the best Secretary of State we have had in fifty years, unless it may have been MARCY. This will be the opinion of those who study the records of the State Department. He differed from MARCY and excelled him in this—that he never did anything for effect, while MARCY would often do things for effect; in this—his aversion to anything that looked like striving for an effect. FISH was so straight that I sometimes thought he leaned backward." In forming his cabinet General GRANT says he consulted no one. "My first choice," said he, "was JAMES F. WILSON, of Iowa. I appointed Mr. WASHBURNE under peculiar circumstances. Mr. WASHBURNE knew he was going to France, and wanted to go. I called on him one day when he was ill. I found him in a desponding mood. He said that before going to a country like France he would like to have the prestige of a cabinet office, that it would help his mission very much. He suggested the Treasury. I had already spoken to Mr. A. T. STEWART on that subject, and said I would make him Secretary of State. So came the appointment." After Mr. BORIE had retired from the Navy Department, wishing to give that Department to a Pennsylvanian, it was offered successively to GEORGE H. STUART, the banker, and Mr. LINLEY SMITH, of Philadelphia, who declined on account of absorbing professional engagements. "Mr. BORIE," said General GRANT, "mentioned ROBESON, and arranged that we should meet on an excursion I was taking to West Point, and out of it came his appointment to the Navy Department. BOUTWELL," said the General, "went out of the cabinet to become Senator. But I think he regretted it. He told me one day that he felt homesick after leaving the Administration. I had difficulty in inducing Mr. FISH to remain eight years. At one time he was so bent on resigning that I had selected his successor. It would have been President WHITE, of Cornell."

GENERAL GRANT IN FLORIDA—A TRIP ON THE OKLAWAHA.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 110.]



THE HOT LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE HOT LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE above group of sketches is the pictorial record of the experiences of a merry party on a visit to the hot lakes of New Zealand. These marvellous bodies of water lie chiefly in the province of Auckland, which comprises the largest part of North Island. From the opposite southwest and northeast shores of this territory—that is to say, from Cook Strait on the one hand, and from the Bay of Plenty on the other—the land gradually rises to an elevation of 2000 feet. Here stand two high mountains, Ruapehu and Tongariro, the former being an extinct volcano 9100 feet in height, the latter about 6500 feet, one that is still active. Away to the west, upon a parallel but different line, stands Taranaki, or Mount Egmont, 8270 feet—a third volcano, but, like Ruapehu, now extinct. From the yet burning crater of Tongariro, in a straight line drawn to the northeast for 200 miles, as far as Whakari, or White Island, an active volcano, twenty-eight miles from the shore, in the Bay of Plenty, extends the present range of igneous forces beneath the surface of land and sea.

Scientists account for the existence of the hot springs by the fact that water, having descended through fissures into the earth, is heated by volcanic fires, and generates high-pressure steam. This rises, accompanied by sulphurous acid and other gases of volcanic origin, which decompose the nether surface of the lava or other rock that overspreads the neighboring region. The steam, meanwhile, is partly condensed to hot water, and this, impregnated with acid gases and soluble substances, forms at the surface the springs.

This is the scientific theory; but the Maoris, or natives, like all uncivilized people, have their own traditions in regard to every natural wonder. The Maori legend relates that a celestial personage, Ngatiroirangi, or the "Runner of the Sky," having alighted upon the snowy summit of Tongariro, felt himself suffering from cold. He shouted to his sisters, who remained on Whakari, to send him some fire which they had brought from Hawaiki, the mystic home of gods and men. They did so by the agency of the two Taniwhas, the Earth Spirit and the Water Spirit, who dwell under-ground. The fire thus transmitted is still current through the long subterranean passage, and bursts forth in a thousand places from the soil of the plain, the side of the mountain, or the boiling depths of streams and lakes. Another story is that the national demigod Mani, when he saw the mighty "Fish," as this land is called, emerge out of the sea, was alarmed by its strange fires, and kicked or tossed them along from Tongariro to the Bay of Plenty, in order to quench them. These fables, as poetical as those of the ancient Greeks, which professed to account for marvellous physical phenomena, are based also upon correct observation of the line of volcanic action in New Zealand.

The largest of the lakes is Taupo, so called from

the Maori word for darkness. This name seems to express the sense of mystery that ever invests, to their superstitious imagination, this bottomless Moana, or inland sea, around which yet linger the remnants of their nation, preserving their genuine customs and manners of life. In the centre of the land, 160 miles from the coast of the Bay of Plenty, the lake fills a cavity of unknown depth—a huge hole in the midst of the elevated plateau of volcanic formation. Its water stands at the level of 1250 feet above the sea, yet no soundings have been reached at 200 fathoms. The lake may probably in former ages have stood several hundred feet higher, as the Maoris assert that it did, for its shores exhibit three successive terraces or plains (the lower being alluvial), which rise one above another to the general level of the surrounding table-land, some 700 feet above the present water.

The shores of the lake are bordered by a succession of picturesque volcanic cones, behind which the Tongariro and Ruapehu rear their lofty heads, the latter clad with perpetual snows, the former breathing forth a cloud of steam from its principal crater. Among the smaller summits are Pihanga, called the wife of Tongariro, with Kakaramea, Kuhana, and one or two others, which the Maoris have fancied to be Tongariro's children. They say that Taranaki was kicked by Tongariro as far off as New Plymouth for his insolence in making love to Pihanga. There is no record of any eruption of lava from the still active craters of Tongariro, the chief of which, called Ngauruhoe, is at the top of a cinder cone, surrounded by a circular wall of cliff 1000 feet high, with but one opening to the west. Cinders and ashes and hot mud have been thrown up now and then, breaking the lip of the crater, but its ordinary discharges consist of steam or sulphurous vapor.

In the middle of the low ground on the southern shores of Lake Taupo there is a series of geysers and mud-holes occupying two square miles, from the small mountain Maunganamu to the mouth of the Tokanu Creek. This is really the head of the entire geyser system. The ground is paved in all directions by a white lime-like substance, covering spaces a hundred yards square. In this pavement are numerous boiling geysers of clear blue water, sometimes overflowing, and adding by their deposit to the thickness of the crust. Great care is needed in walking about the place, and several carved posts are set up by the Maoris to show where fatal disasters have occurred.

There are many baths formed here by the natives, converting this hot water to their use alternately with the cold water of the Tokanu. They also cook their food in the steam holes. On the shore of the lake is the site of a native pah, which was destroyed in May, 1846, by a landslip of the steaming ranges, and in which the great chief of Taupo, TUKINO TE HEU HEU, perished, with his six wives and fifty-four of his tribe. He was succeeded by his son IWIKAU TE HEU HEU, who now resides with his people at Waihi. In this vicinity is the beautiful double water-fall, 150 feet high, leaping out of the forest, and filling a rock basin, from which clouds of spray constantly rise, thence descending in a second cascade to run into Lake Taupo. The lower fall had never been seen, even by the natives, until it was cleared by the English traveller Mr. MUNDY, who caused the fuchsia and other trees which restricted the view to be removed. He named it the Alfred Falls, in honor of a visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to New Zealand.

But in spite of all that there is to be seen at Taupo, and although the grandest geyser of all when it pleases to disport itself is on Tongariro, there are other lakes beyond which have a much greater attraction for the visitor. Tarawera and Roto Mahaua are in truth the lakes of which he is in search, and these lie forty miles south of Taupo. The first is the most beautiful of all in point of scenery, as the latter is the most interesting. Scarcely a mile in length from north to south, and only a quarter of a mile in breadth, Roto Mahaua is a marvellous body of water, being fed by boiling springs, which keep the whole volume of its water at a high temperature. At the northeastern extremity of the lake occurs one of the most remarkable natural phenomena in existence. At an elevation of about 100 feet above the level of the lake, on the fern-covered slope of a hill, from which hot vapors ascend in various places, lies an immense crater-shaped boiling caldron, with steep side walls of a glaring red color, from thirty to forty feet in height, and open only on its western side, toward the lake. The size of the basin is about eighty feet in length and sixty in width. It is filled to the brim with perfectly clear and transparent boiling water, of a beautiful turquoise-blue color. At the margin of the basin the temperature is about 183°, but in the centre, where the water is in a state of constant ebullition, rising with a foaming crest several feet high, it probably reaches boiling-point. During his visit to Roto Mahaua Mr. MUNDY had the good fortune to see the crater empty, and to obtain a photograph of it. He had been told by the Maori chief PARAKIA, who accompanied him, that few natives had ever seen the crater empty. This, in fact, takes place rarely, and there is a notion that it occurs only during violent easterly gales. The whole mass of water is then suddenly thrown out with immense force. On such occasions the empty basin is open to sight to a depth of about thirty feet, but it fills again very quickly. Mr. MUNDY was just in time, before the water rose again in the frightful aperture of this geyser, to obtain a view of it. It was with great difficulty that his attendant and interpreter could be persuaded to descend and figure in the representation. Ten minutes after the photograph was taken, the geyser, with a dull hissing noise, filled up its whole crater.

The glory of Roto Mahaua is in the terraces. The formation of these is very remarkable. The water possesses in a high degree petrifying, or rather incrusting, qualities. By the accumulation of silicious deposits a series of terraces has been formed on the slope of the hills down which the water from the geysers flows. On one side of the lake there are terraces white as if cut from marble, which present a spectacle of magnificence; on the other there is another series wearing a different tint, varying from a light flush to a bright pink and orange chrome or salmon-color. The white terraces are in form the finer of the two. They are about three hundred feet in width, and rise nearly two hundred in height from the lake. As the visitor ascends from the bottom he steps along a raised fret-work of stone as fine as chased silver. As one rises higher and higher, the water, which at the bottom is hardly more than tepid, becomes warmer and warmer. And then on one terrace after another there are large shell-like baths, holding water from three to four feet deep, of different temperatures, as the bather may desire. These baths are as smooth as alabaster, but softer. On the outside rims, where the water has run dripping over century after century, Nature has carved for herself wonderful hanging ornaments and exquisite cornices, with that prolific hand which never stints itself in space because of expense, and devotes its endless labor to front and rear with equal persistency. On the top terrace is the boiling lake from which the others are filled.

Many travellers have described the luxury of a bath upon these wonderful terraces, few more enthusiastically than the most prosaic of writers, ANTHONY TROLLOPE. He writes: "We had swum in Roto Mahaua early in the morning, and did not bathe at the white terraces, having been specially recommended to reserve ourselves for those on the other side. So we crossed the lake to the pink terraces. In form, as I have said before, the white terraces are the finer. They are larger and higher, and the spaces between the pools are more exquisitely worked, and to my eye the color was preferable. Both are in truth pink. Those which have the name of being so are brighter, and are salmon-colored. They are formed after the same fashion, and the baths are constructed—of course by nature—in the same way. But those which we last visited were, I was told, more delicious to the bather. I can, indeed, imagine nothing more so. The bather undresses on a piece of dry rock a few yards distant, and is in his bath in half a minute without the chance of hurting his feet, for it is one of the properties of the stone flooring which has here been formed that it does not hurt. In the bath, when you strike your chest against it, it is soft to the touch; you press yourself against it, and it is smooth; you lie about upon it, and though it is firm, it gives to you. You plunge against the sides, driving the water over with your body, but you do not bruise yourself. You go from one bath to another, trying the warmth of each. The water trickles from the one above to the one below, coming from the vast boiling pool at the top; and the lower, therefore, are less hot than the higher. The baths are shell-like in shape—like vast open shells, the walls of which are concave, and the lips of which are ornamented in a thousand forms. Four or five may sport in one of them, each without feeling the presence of the other. I have never heard of other bathing like this in the world."

It is hardly possible to travel through any of the wild country in this part of New Zealand without seeing much that is novel and interesting, but at the same time the visitor to the hot lakes will do well to stop with the Roto Mahaua. There are other bodies of water and other geysers, but jets of boiling water and jets of steam and jets of mud are scarcely things to be admired if viewed with too great iteration. The Roto Mahaua is the most wonderful of all New Zealand's marvellous lakes, and there is enough in and about it to gratify even an ardent curiosity.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN AND HIS FARE.

IN winter a four-wheeled cab conveyed Matthew Helston to and fro upon his strange errand, but in summer and fine weather John Rutherford brought his hansom for him, as in the present instance. Ere this vehicle reached No. 7, Matthew, whose keen ears had long been cognizant of its approach, presented himself at the gate at the bottom of the slip of garden separating the house from the road. In his mouth was a small cigar: between his fingers was a large and very full flavored one, which was to be handed to "honest John," as his humble friend was called among his intimates.

"Good-day, Master Matthew."

It was day, inasmuch as the morning had already broken, but the phrase seemed to partake somewhat of purism; whereas Mr. Rutherford, who had been called some hard names in his time, had never yet been termed a purist. He said "good-day" because he had not seen his employer for some time; on parting, some hours afterward, and when morning, of course, was much further advanced, he would say "good-night," because he had not yet been to bed. It was, after all, a natural way of speaking, and will be readily understood, save by those pious but card-loving persons who wait for midnight to strike on Sunday in order that they may sit down to whist with a good conscience on a week-day morning. The term "Master Matthew" was used because he had known his present employer from childhood, and it had of old been necessary to distinguish him from his uncle Roger.

John was a lively fellow, whose countenance life in the open air had tinged with what, if one ventured to be classical, might be termed the tints of Aurora; but, as a matter of fact, the days of his youth had been (to speak Hibernically) mostly passed in night poaching, his incorrigible addiction to which pursuit had indeed compelled him to exchange his native air for that of the metropolis. In London a devotion to spirituous drinks of all sorts had maintained the hues with which air and exercise had originally dowered him, and even intensified them. He had also a weakness for the Turf, and took such an interest in all the "events" of the racing season, great and small, as is seldom seen save in persons of the highest fashion. It may be thought that these infirmities, taken in connection with the temptations inseparable from his position in life, might have suggested a certain unfitness for convoying £25,000 worth of diamonds about London during the small hours; but it was not so in the case of Matthew Helston. Old association, perhaps, prevented it, or possibly the unquenchable desire which John Rutherford displayed for talk convinced the other that there could be no real roguery in the man.

"A cigar, sir?" he said, looking at it as an object for the first time presented to his notice, though it was always offered to him on these occasions, and had never yet been declined. "Well, Master Matthew, since you are so kind, though my missus always says, 'John, you've been smoking,' after I takes one, which she never do when I have only had tobacker" (which was his synonym for a pipe).

He lights it from a lucifer-match, held downward under his horny palm, which it flames against as innocuously as though it were a roof of talc, while his fare takes his seat the while. This ceremony concluded, you might imagine that the hansom would start forthwith; but Matthew knew better.

The little window above his head is opened, and the following questions are put through it, like doles of charity (or at least of courtesy), through a buttery hatch.

"Mrs. Matthew well, I hope, sir?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Begging pardon for the liberty, but my missus"—his wife was from Tarlton, and well known to Sabey—"laid it on me special to ast if there might be any addition to the family."

"There might be, John," Matthew answers, with a smile directed to the splash-board, "but there is none—at least," he adds, either from a love of truth or from his inherent matter-of-fact habit, "not at present."

"And Miss Amy, she's herself, I hope, sir?"

"I believe so."

"And the young gent next door, sir? My missus allus lays it on me—"

"Mr. Barlow is quite well. Drive on, John."

As the tone of his voice grows somewhat decided, not to say impatient, by this time, John flicks his mare, which, being a bit of blood (though showing more of bone), starts off at a canter. They pass swiftly through the cool air, at present undimmed by smoke, and Matthew leans back in his favorite corner, and thinks, or, alas! should we not rather say he dreams, of Madge. If only that valve in connection with the external air could be made to catch and close—it does so now, after an imperfect fashion, but then the imperfection is fatal to it; you might as well talk of an "exhausted receiver" that only exhausts one's patience and *not* air—if it only *could*, then no more dancing attendance upon heartless ladies, no more sitting in hateful counting-houses, no more submissive "yeses" wrung from the lips by a hard taskmaster when all one's soul cries "no"; no more narrow means for the present; no more carking cares for the future; no more—

"Well, what is it, John?"

Nothing has been said, but a slant of light from above, and the consciousness of a draught, inform him that the trap-door has been again opened.

"Beg your pardon, Master Matthew, but I quite forgot to ast after your uncle Stephen."

"He is quite well. All the family are well, thank you."

"Well, that's something to be thankful for, ain't it, sir? As I says to my missus, what a blessin' it is to think as all our family is allus quite well—no measles, no thrush, no glanders, no nothing ever the matter with them—because we haven't got none."

The trap-door was here shut down, but from certain stertorous noises that found their way through the roof of the cab, it was plain that Mr. John Rutherford appreciated a joke, or, at all events, a joke of his own making.

The trees and gardens, which had heretofore sparsely lined the way, now grew rarer and rarer, and were succeeded by unbroken lines of street. The dawn seemed to lose its beauty, though its sublime silence still reigned, broken only by the dull creaking of an occasional market cart, full of country produce, which they passed upon its way to Covent Garden. To these Mr. Rutherford would shout, "Hi, hi!" in the loud, tumultuous way peculiar to stage rabble and the occupants of fire-engines, whereupon the affrighted drivers would wake from sleep, and, drawing up close to the curb-stone, stare out with blinking eyes from beneath their tilts, and swear at the unconscious Helston, once more with Madge.

John knew that nothing short of being addressed by name would rouse his fare from his contemplations, and indulged his love of excitement with perfect impunity. When there were no market carts, he would again resort to conversation.

"Begging your parding, Master Matthew, but perhaps you have not heard of Sir Charles's luck?"

"Do you mean Sir Charles Pargiter? What about him?"

The name awoke a languid interest in Helston, though as to any luck that might have befallen the young baronet, unless his wife was dead, it could hardly concern himself.

"Well, sir, it seems he owns Hearty Miss."

"Hearty Miss," echoed Helston. He had no idea as to what honest John meant, except that it seemed an allusion to some domestic scandal, which it certainly didn't behoove him to inquire into. "Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, sir, though he gave his word to her ladyship, as I'm told, to give up all such things for good and all, when she married him. She runs under another name, of course; but I'm told she's his'n, and she's a first-rater. Dick Dartmoor tells me she's bound to win."

"*Who* is bound to win, and *what?*" inquired Matthew, with irritation.

"Hearty Miss, sir—Sir Charles's filly—bound to win the Hokes."

"Oh, I see; Artemis, a race-horse. Then Sir Charles has gone on the Turf again?"

"Well, yes, sir, as Hobson—but mum's the word. Only Dick and me and a few more is behind the curtain, and know who Hobson is."

Helston nodded, and threw up his chin in contemptuous disgust.

The husband of this woman, then (whose slave he was to-night), had broken his word—passed, as every one knew, to the heiress of Kensington Ingot, before she would consent to marry him—that he would have no more to do with race-courses. He was running his horses under an assumed name, yet not so secretly but that a cabman, a tout, and "a few more" of the like sort were cognizant of the fact! It was no business of his (Helston's), of course: still, this wretched piece of tittle-tattle seemed to make his present errand more hateful, more degrading even, than usual. A very morbid effect, it may be said, to be produced on any man's mind, and especially on that of a mathematician; but then so many of us (without being the least aware of it) *are* morbid. In Matthew Helston's view (which, it must be confessed, was a jaundiced one), the crowds who thronged Lady Pargiter's house in Moor Street on her rout nights, and paid court to her, and admired her diamonds, were themselves not in a wholesome state of mind. What was there in such a woman to attract any one? What worth, apart from money's worth, did she possess? What intelligence? what virtue? what merit? Why, in the name of Heaven (or even of common-sense), because she was a money-lender's daughter, and had succeeded to his ill-got Ingot gains, should she be proud? Matthew was murmuring to himself certain lines of Sabey's favorite poet,

"Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than songs of Grecian years?
Why were they proud?
Why, in the name of Glory, were they proud?"

when his hansom pulled up short at her ladyship's door in Moor Street, and John Rutherford, quoting too (though only from the clown in the pantomime), exclaimed, cheerfully, through the trap-door, "Here we are again. I'm blessed if she's come home, and we shall have to wait, as usual, Master Matthew."

CHAPTER VII.

MOOR STREET.

MOOR STREET, Mayfair, is "*that* fashionable," as Mr. Rutherford would have called it, that it is not only free from shops or lodging-houses, but even from the intrusion of a Private Hotel. Every house is what in the auctioneer's catalogues is described as a "Family Mansion"—grim, austere, and covered with the "blacks" of many seasons—and though in some cases the "family" must have been very limited or have packed very tightly, which the "mansion" accommodated, the same air of fashion sat on the least as on the greatest. It was, no doubt, in one sense a quiet street: no omnibus ever approached it nearer than Piccadilly, and no organ-grinder dared to ply his dreadful trade in it, on account of the sensitive ears of its Lady Honorias and Wilhelminas; until the afternoon, too, its inhabitants were mostly asleep, but for the rest of the day, and all through the night, it must be confessed that they made a considerable noise of their own. There was a ceaseless champing of steeds, and clatter of steps, and rolling of wheels, from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M.; and as the time drew on to the latter hour, there were agonized cries for Lady So-and-So's carriage—the coachman and footman of which were both at the "Red Posts" round the corner, which had a special license for late hours on account of this patronage of the aristocracy.

The dullness and lifelessness of the mornings in Moor Street offered so strong a contrast with the doings of the night that that alone would have proved the quality of its tenants; but the difference between the appearance of the place in and out of the season was still more striking. In the one case it was Vanity Fair, with the booths shining, and the bands playing, and incessant invitations (on embossed note-paper) to "walk up"; and in the other it was Sahara. But the very last house to roll up its carpets, and withdraw its awnings from the pavement, and to go into Brown Holland, was Sir Charles and Lady Pargiter's. Sir Charles hated the country till the grouse-shooting began, but her ladyship hated it at all times. In town she felt that she and her diamonds showed to most advantage—and the sun and moon and stars, and all that they shone upon, were, as compared with this consideration, of very small account with her. Her passion for gayety was unquenchable, and though her respect for fashion forbade her to appear in proper time at any place of amusement, she always reaped the curses of the bandsmen by remaining to the very last. You always knew when she had reached home by the instantaneous lighting up of the first floor, which in her absence was wrapped in gloom: some said this arose from a certain frugality of disposition she had inherited from her father, but others saw the finger of

pride in it; and, indeed, at Pargiter Park, her country residence, a flag on the roof was raised or lowered to indicate when she was at home or not, exactly as happens on the round tower at Windsor.

When, therefore, on the present occasion, Mr. Rutherford observed, "I'm blessed if she's come home," he had a good reason in the gloom of the mansion for his benediction; and he and his fare had to wait accordingly, as had often happened before.

Among other talents of "honest John" was the imitation of knocks at hall doors as delivered by the menials of distinguished visitors, and his summons was so successful as generally to produce at No. 10, as now, the hall porter, and two canary-colored footmen with a roll of carpet, under the impression that their master and mistress had arrived in their usual state. On perceiving their mistake the obsequious appearance of all three at once underwent a change; the porter retired disdainfully into his carved chair, and one of the canary-colored footmen took himself and his majestic legs into a neighboring bower; while the other, with a face that betrayed his sense of indignity, marshalled the confidential agent of Messrs. Star & Signet into what was termed her ladyship's waiting-room.

This was a small apartment, lined with tapestry, immediately contiguous to her boudoir, from which, indeed, it was separated but by a curtain, itself only partially closed. There were a couple of wax candles on the table, which feebly lit up the faded colors of the ancient needle-work upon the walls; there was neither book nor flower to attract the eye, or to relieve the tedium of a watch, the length of which depended on the caprice of a woman. As he had been detained more than once long after the hour appointed for him to fetch the diamonds, Matthew was wont to bring some favorite volume with him to beguile the time, but on this occasion he had forgotten to do so. Impatient at his employer's delay, and unable (from loathing of his errand) to concentrate his thoughts upon their usual topic, he had thrown himself into a chair, and was casting his eyes moodily about him, when they suddenly rested upon a picture standing on the floor in an obscure corner of the room. It was no doubt a new acquisition, for which no place had as yet been found in the town house, or which was, perhaps, destined for Pargiter Park. Matthew took one of the candles, and stooped down to examine the picture, which at once riveted his attention in a manner scarcely to be explained by its intrinsic merits.

It was, indeed, though of large size, a very moderately executed water-color painting of a ruined hall or castle: a rustic bridge and river, over which at some distance towered the stately pile, occupied the foreground; there were cattle feeding in the fields, a boat tied to the river-bank, and other accessories. There was neither thought nor skill in the work, but it was one of those pictures that "look like" what they are intended for, and therefore rarely fail to satisfy the common eye. "It is old Latbury Hall to the life," murmured Matthew, with a certain pathos, very unusual with him, in his tone; "and there is the bridge—alas! alas!" and he sighed heavily. His eyes were on the canvas, but beheld other objects than those depicted on it. When he was very young—scarcely more than a boy, indeed—that bridge had been a hallowed spot to him, and though all that hallowed it, Youth, Purity, and Love, had fled, and been desecrated, the memory of the place was green and tender yet in him. For there he had met his first love, and given her his first kiss. They had parted long since: she had gone her own willful way, as he, indeed, had gone his; and there was no want of loyalty to his Sabey in the sigh that broke from him. It was in pity not for himself, but another, that he sighed and pondered.

So strongly was he enchained by recollection that he was quite unconscious of a sudden blaze of light in the adjoining room, as likewise of a quick step and a sweeping train upon the floor, until he saw Lady Pargiter standing beside him in her diamonds.

She was a tall, gaunt woman, and in her stiff white silk and lace and jewels looked like enough to a spectre (of the fashionable class) to have alarmed anybody; but Matthew Helston was startled, not from fear, but from a species of shame, because he had been discovered taking what would doubtless be considered a liberty, under the last roof in all Christendom where he would wish to lie under any such imputation.

He rose quickly to his feet, and as he put down the candle, murmured some apologetic words.

Lady Pargiter listened like a snow woman clumsily constructed by rustic hands, but upon whose neck the winter had placed its glittering jewels of frost and ice. "You forget your place," was what her face said; then she added, in words, "Perhaps you will take that picture into the next room."

Her tone was so insolent that under any other circumstances Matthew might have hesitated to obey her; but he felt that in so doing he was only paying a just penalty for his late indiscretion: lifting the large frame with both hands, he therefore carried it in, and was about to place it on the floor against the wall, as before, when she called out, "Put it on the table, and hold it there a moment."

The size of the picture was such that his face was thus completely hidden, nor could he see the other occupants of the apartment, of whom, as his ear at once informed him, there was at least one besides her ladyship.

"Oh, that's capital!" exclaimed a cheerful voice. "I should have known the old place anywhere." It was fortunate for Matthew Helston that his face was hidden when he heard those words, for the voice that spoke them awakened grave and bitter memories.

"Be so good as to hold the picture straight!" exclaimed Lady Pargiter, petulantly; for it was swaying from side to side, through the tremulous passion of him who held it. "So you really think it a good investment, major," she went on, in that would-be playful tone which women of fashion use to their intimates.

"Nay, I am no judge of that," answered the other, lightly; "I only undertook to tell you whether it was like or not. It is the old Hall itself."

"You know it well, of course?"

"Oh, perfectly; it is but a stone's-throw from the Duke's lodge gate."

"And you are often at the Duke's?"

This she said with a pleased purr, as though it gratified her to converse with one who was intimate with so great a man.

"I used to be," said he, with a hidden touch of gravity that did not escape his unseen listener. "I have not been his visitor very recently. It is not likely, however, that there are any changes in the old ruin."

The major was not alluding to his Grace, but to the Hall, on the picture of which they were both still gazing.

"No one lives there, of course?" she inquired. It was a part of Lady Pargiter's character to feel an interest in what belonged to her—and though Latbury Hall did not do so, this counterfeit presentment of it did, which was a sufficient bond.

"Oh no," was the careless reply. "There is a care-taker, of course, employed by the miller who lives on the river."

"Why didn't the man put in the mill?" inquired Lady Pargiter, with an injured air; "it would have been a great improvement."

"I am not sure of that," answered the major; "it would have drawn away one's interest from the main subject; and, besides, it is not in sight from the point where the sketch was taken." There was not only a coldness in his tone, but an evident distaste for the topic. "Well, it is growing late, Lady Pargiter," he said, abruptly; "I will wish you 'Good-night,' or rather, 'Good-morning.'"

"Good-night, major. Be so good as to send my husband up to me; tell him I will only detain him for a moment, and that he may bring his cigar with him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW ENGLAND GIRL.—HENRY MUHRMAN.

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THERE has been a great increase in the public's interest in water-colors, of which the cause is probably to be discerned as much in the improved quality of the water-colors to which it has had access as in any increase in the opportunities for study afforded by the exhibitions, or the galleries of the dealers. It is not much more than ten years since a general interest in the art of water-color painting began to be manifested. Old as the art is, and brilliant as even then had been the experience and achievements of the English society that DAVID COX's followers have founded, it can not be said that in this country it attracted any particular attention from other than a very limited class. It is over thirty years since a few artists in New York attempted the crude beginning of a water-color society, and while more than one of them may be found as an honored exhibitor in the thirteenth annual exhibition of our full-fledged and sturdy society of to-day, their work then went comparatively unnoticed. It was perhaps tentative, doubtful, and conventional, which is not surprising when it is considered that little was then known here that was better than the agreeable sentimentalities of BIRKET FOSTER, or the simple and unconscious English chromo on its esteemed mission of education. There was little opportunity then to learn, and, besides, there was no independence of thought and feeling among the practitioners of art as a class that should confer the ability to use that or any other method with any brilliancy or originality. In a strict subserviency to conventional technicalities, and under a stupid inculcation of fixed formulas as essential to all results, their struggling art sense was wholly impeded and strangled. The art of drawing in water-colors was until recently imparted as if it were comprised within the area of a medical prescription, and one eminent teacher of years long gone gathered the sum of all human knowledge on the subject into a "poem," possibly that its principles might the more readily impress themselves on the youthful mind for that they were conveyed in subtle rhymes. Many a germ of genius has been killed by the fatal agency of yellow ochre and rose-madder, and the pernicious apprehension of their doctrinal indispensability. Many a brush, filled by accident with original color, has been washed and charged with the conventional article, simply because the spectre of the old formula stalked across the Whatman paper. There was nothing in water-color drawing for our artists until they acquired the sense of absolute freedom that is as necessary to success in the use of it as in that of any other medium of artistic expression. When they found that technical limitations were mythical, and that the only questions involved were those of adaptability and fitness of treatment to the subject chosen, then they began, and for the first time, to paint in water-colors.

A great deal more of this knowledge was derived from the French than from the English. There was a liberal education in the possibilities of pure color to be found in half a dozen *cadres* of the former, that in the pictures of the latter evaded observation, or indifferently impressed itself upon artistic minds. In certain directions there seems to be no limit to what they can do, and in the whole range of art there is little that is more exquisitely fascinating, or that betrays more charmingly imaginative qualities, than some of the contemporary French work.

As already indicated, the public acceptation of water-color art has until quite recently been very doubtful and uncertain. Indeed, it is but a few years since a writer, who quite accurately and unconsciously represented the public ignorance of a previous generation, described them as flimsy and inconsequential things; thin by the very nature of their making, and in fact quite unworthy of serious consideration. They might be pretty; undoubtedly some of them were quite pretty, and even decorative; but as for him, why, give him good solid oils, something durable and ponderable. Of course this was sincere and honest conservatism; and the public, feeling its way doubtfully in the new art illumination about it, took new things with a great deal of caution. In the blind reverence for the names of the Middle Ages, and the fathers of the oil-painting done in England, that had been acquired from the older literature of art that had gotten deviously abroad, it was not reasonable that one should expect that so new a thing as a water-color should excite enthusiasm the moment it made its appearance. We may possibly err in thinking that this view is painfully confirmed by the rude commercial experience of the dealers in New York who brought hither the first invoices of *aquarelles* from Paris and from Rome, but it is more than probable that we do not.

To all who have watched the growth of the water-color school here, and who have noted with pride and pleasure how bright, fresh, and original was the work that each year brought out, there is no little store of gratification in the present exhibition. Nothing in all our periodic displays has ever been more interesting or fascinating, and certainly nothing has given more substantial proof of the sound and effective progress that is being attained in art in America. This is indicated less than ever in resemblances to foreign methods, or to the individual work of noted foreign artists. One sees instead that objects are treated independently for the values that they suggest, and for their pictorial meaning, and that in the arrangement of them simplicity and truth are allowed to replace conventional composition. This implies the best kind of progress, as well as a direction of it that can not but insure the best of results. It is impossible that it should be otherwise—at least it seems so to be to one who has carefully studied the later development of our art, and who has the fullest faith in the brilliancy of its future.

We give two pages elsewhere to reproductions in black and white of a number of the pictures in the present exhibition, drawing for that purpose on the illustrated catalogue which the society presents, and which, always a little art treasure in its way, never was more interesting than on the present occasion. These little sketches, if they ignore in a great measure the values as well as the color of the originals, possess not a little independent interest of their own, and very effectively represent the nature and variety of the subjects chosen.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SELDOM has there been a more remarkable escape from a terrible catastrophe than that which recently occurred on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway. It was about an hour past midnight, when all other trains had been housed for the night, that an engine and one passenger-car started from the last station on the road—at One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth Street—for Rector Street. This was called the "emigrant train," and ran every night, about the same hour, for the convenience of employés who lived down town. As trains were standing on the down track, in readiness for the next morning, it had been the custom for this train to take the up track for a short distance, and then cross to the other track at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street. A day or two before, a new arrangement was made to cross over at One-hundred-and-forty-fifth Street, and it appears that the engineer and conductor did not understand this change. The "emigrant train," with twenty-seven persons upon it, started at a terrific rate of speed; the switch was set at One-hundred-and-forty-fifth Street for crossing to the other track, but the engineer, not expecting to cross at that point, did not slacken his speed. Suddenly, while crossing at full speed, the engine "jumped the track"; the car, detached from it, continued on between the tracks until it came in contact with an empty car, while the rushing locomotive leaped from the rails into the street, twenty-five feet below. The fearful crash, the hissing steam in the broken boiler, soon brought people to the spot, and it is said that the engineer was found walking around the engine in utter bewilderment. He was injured, but not seriously. The fireman and conductor, who went down with the engine, received severe injuries; but that they were not killed seems little less than miraculous. Several in the passenger-car were bruised, but slightly, considering the circumstances. What horrible slaughter might have resulted had a crowded car been hurled down into a street thronged with people! The very thought makes one shudder, and breathe a prayer that such a calamity may be averted by unremitting care and watchfulness on the part of those upon whom rests the responsibility of the safety of thousands of human lives.

It has been found necessary to adopt stringent rules in regard to the admission of persons to the library of the Cooper Union. So great are the abuses which have been practiced at this free institution that hereafter admission will be given only to those who hold tickets; but tickets will be given to all worthy, well-behaved persons who apply for them. For some time past disorderly persons, and even tramps, have succeeded in obtaining entrance to the room—not to read, but to sleep, or to mutilate the books, or to steal. Hence the necessity of the precaution recently adopted.

The most extensive bee farm in the world is probably near Beeton, Canada. It covers four acres, and last year the owner secured 75,000 pounds of honey from his 19,000,000 little workers.

Few misdeeds arouse more hearty indignation in the public mind than facts showing cruelty and neglect in the treatment of children. Orphan children in particular appeal to the sympathies of every humane person. And when we hear of a "Children's Fold" or a "Shepherd's Fold"—the very name carrying with it ideas of shelter, warmth, care, tenderness, and love—we naturally and trustfully believe that the helpless little ones gathered into it find a happy home. Therefore, when we are suddenly undeceived, and learn that the lambs in the "fold" are half clothed, starved, beaten, and generally ill used and neglected, we are glad to know that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children rescues the little victims, and deals with the pretended "shepherd" according to law. A fraud under charitable aspects is not simply wicked—it is the meanest kind of wickedness.

During the year 1879 there were in this city 1541 fires. The principal causes of these fires were carelessness on the part of servants or the occupants of the house, foul chimneys, explosion of kerosene lamps, and window-curtains taking fire from gas jets.

The electric light, which is now frequently used at large balls and other public gatherings, adds greatly to the brilliancy of any festive scene.

It is said that the organ which is now being built in London for the Stewart Memorial Cathedral at Garden City will be the largest and most wonderful in the world. It will cost about $40,000, and will probably have nearly one hundred and twenty stops. The following description gives some idea of this great organ, or rather the method of performing upon it: "At one end of the cathedral there is a room in a tower behind a large painted window, where a part of the organ will be placed, which will be connected with the key-board in the choir by electricity. The window will be opened and closed by an electric apparatus, which will produce the effect of an ordinary swell organ. Above the ceiling, in the centre of the building, will be the echo organ, and beneath the choir, in a chapel, still another part, each of which will be played from the choir. And finally, the great chime of bells in the tower will be connected with the choir, so that the organist can use it in connection with the organ. The bellows will be worked by five hydraulic machines."

The *Troubadour* is a new weekly periodical which has appeared in London. It proposes to treat of art and literature, in the widest meaning of those words.

Denver, Colorado, is developing into a rendezvous for artists; indeed, many have made it a place of permanent residence.

Scarcely had the report reached us that the city of San Salvador was probably destroyed by an earthquake, when news came that Havana had been shaken by a like convulsion of nature, and the inhabitants very much frightened, but not hurt. Earthquakes have been so terribly fatal to life in numerous instances that even a slight one may well cause alarm. In this recent one, although it was violent, no special damage was done at Havana, although buildings were demolished at San Christobel, twelve miles distant.

There are rumors of the withdrawal of the British troops from Afghanistan. If this is done, probably the Afghans will be left to adopt a government of their own.

A very pleasant little proposition was made not long ago in Congress by a Southern statesman. It was simply to send free to every voter in the country a daily copy of the *Congressional Record*. The New York *Herald* seems to think citizens will reap great advantage from a daily perusal of this document, and has roughly calculated the expense of this little gift from the country to be only about two million dollars a week! And this amount would not include printing-presses and other necessary machinery.

English policemen are alert. Once upon a time Sir Edwin Landseer was examining his own pictures in the South Kensington Museum, and seeing some dust on one of them, leaned over the barrier and wiped it off with his handkerchief. Instantly the policeman on duty was upon him.

"What are you a-doing of," he exclaimed, "a-touching that there picture?"

"Why," answered Sir Edwin, smiling, "I've often touched it before."

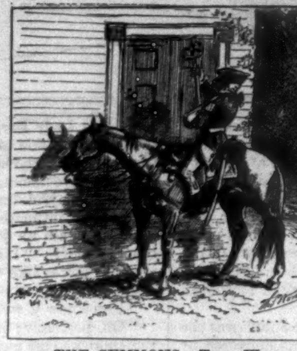
"Have you, though?" cried the indignant officer. "Then more shame for yer! You come along wi' me!" And he conducted the unresisting painter to the officers of the Museum, who of course recognized the culprit, and condoned his offense.

London papers tell a story which, if true, will cause infinite annoyance to the royal family of England. The two sons of the Prince of Wales, who are serving on board the *Bacchante*, have been induced by some foolish companions to allow themselves to be tattooed on the nose with the emblem of an anchor. It is said that the Prince and Princess are in despair about the affair, and have consulted the best medical skill of London as to the possibility of obliterating the marks.

A proposition has been made to call an œcumenical council of all the Methodist bodies in the world, and the 6th of next May has been mentioned as a day of meeting to prepare the call for the council.

MODEST.—Walter Shirlaw.

AFTER THE RAIN.—F. S. Church.



THE SUMMONS.—Thos. Worth.

CARNARVON CASTLE, NO[illegible] WA

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.
Walter Satterlee.

IN THE ANTECHAMBER.—Thure de Thulstrupp.

OLD! OLD!—Alfred Kappes.

MORNING ON THE LAKE.—James Symington.

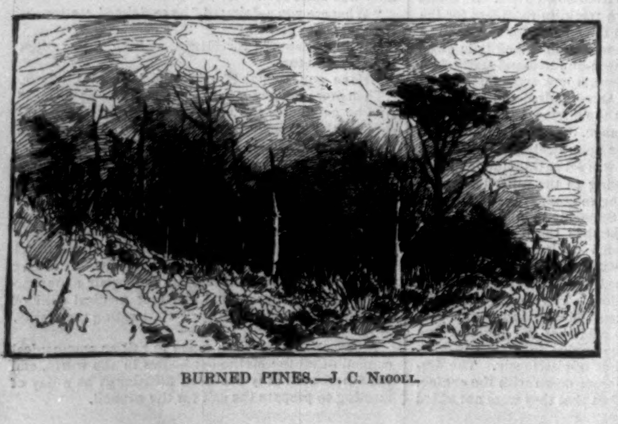
IN THE WOODS, MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.
A. F. Bricher.

BOON COMPANIONS.—J. Wells Champney.

LOST IN THE WOODS.
Percival De Luce.

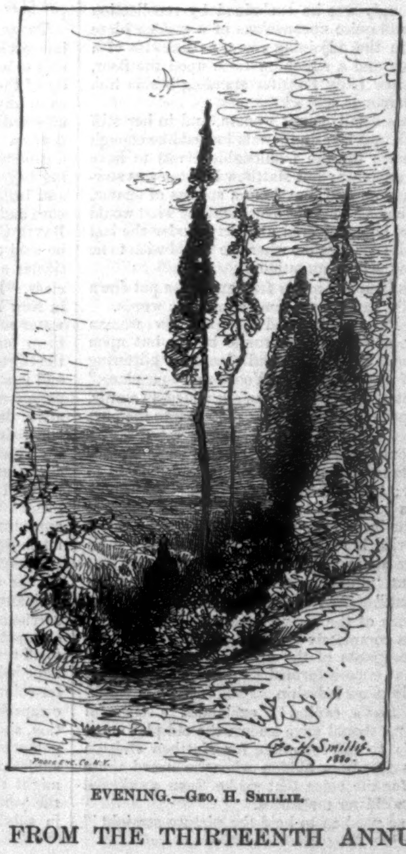
KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE WHERE THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME," WAS BORN.—J. M. Falconer.

THE BO[illegible] THE SE[illegible]



BURNED PINES.—J. C. Nicoll.

POP-CORN.—T. W. Wood.



EVENING.—Geo. H. Smillie.

OLD [illegible] THE COAS[illegible]

SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION [illegible] THE AM[illegible]

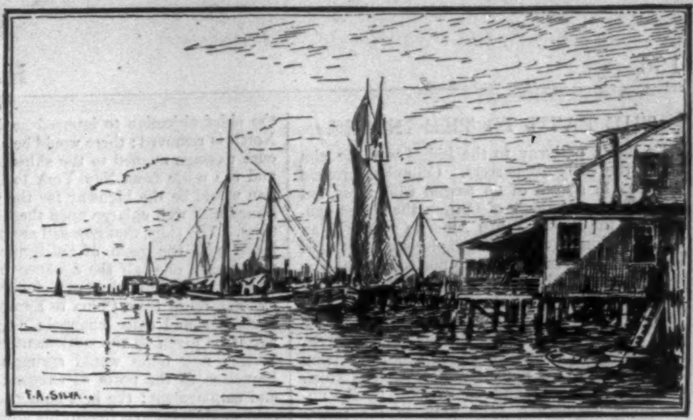
... WALES.—Samuel Colman.

ON THE CANAL.—C. S. Reinhart.

SCHERZO.

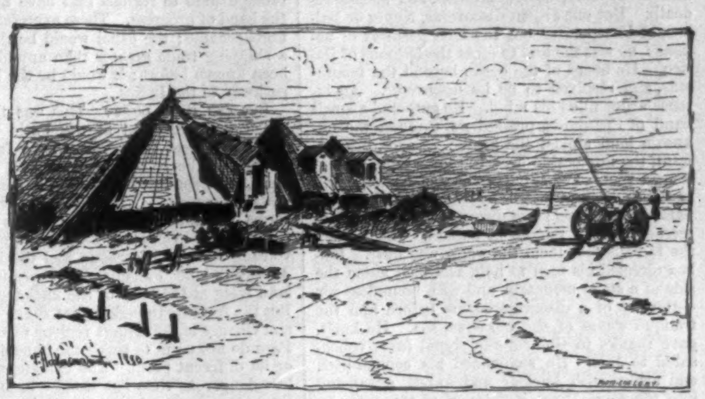
J. C. Beckwith.

A MARINE.—M. F. H. De Haas.



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND SEA-PORT.—Francis A. Silva.

THE VALENTINE.

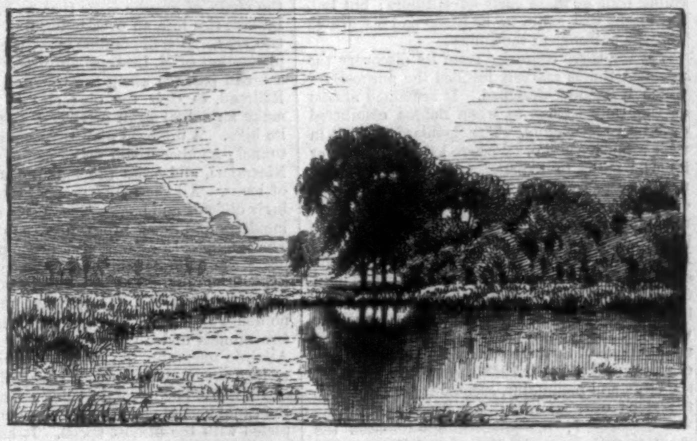


BEACH AT SEABRIGHT.—F. Hopkinson Smith.

SEA DREAMS.—A. F. Bellows.

HILLSIDE.

SPRING TIME

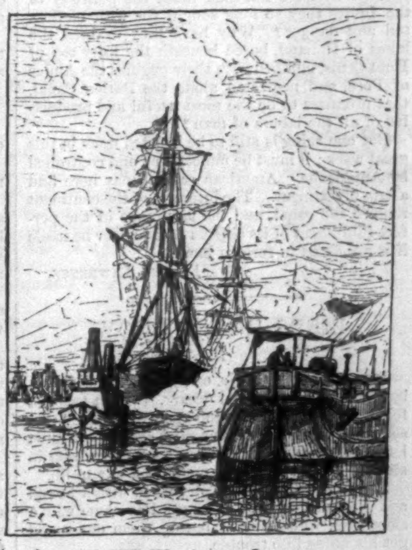


SWEET IS THE HOUR OF REST.—Henry Farrer.

SEA-SIDE PASTURE.—S. G. McCutcheon.

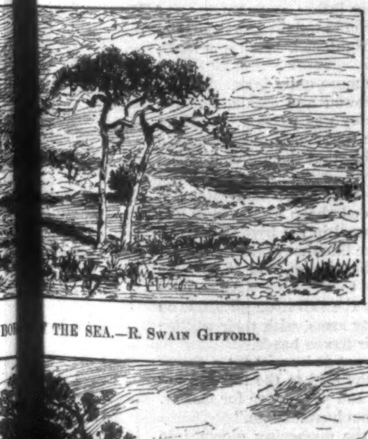
E.

MORNING EFFECT.—A. H. Wyant.



ARRIVED IN.—Arthur Quartley.

THE TANGLED SKEIN.—Hugh Newell.



BO... THE SEA.—R. Swain Gifford.

... THE COAST OF MAINE.—J. D. Smillie.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—J. G. Brown.

MORNING NEAR GLOUCESTER.—Kruseman van Elten.

...IONS THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—[See Page 103.]

THE PATH TO THE INDIES.

To find a pathway to the Indies was the aim of all the early discoverers. Columbus crossed the seas in search of no barren wilderness, but the towers and palaces of Cathay, the fabled opulence of the East. When America was still an almost unknown land, the explorers penetrated its bays and rivers, hoping to find some outlet to the richer realms beyond. Hudson sailed into New York Harbor full of exultation, believing that he had found a channel that must lead to the Pacific, and turned back disappointed. Davis, Frobisher, and a long list of impassioned, daring leaders coasted the impenetrable shores of North and South America, and were baffled by the unchanging wilderness. The path to the Indies was the deluding dream that led countless brave men to disaster, disappointment, and sometimes death. But one ardent discoverer, Nunez de Balboa, at last pointed out the true pathway of nations: he was the first to cross the Isthmus of Darien. He heard of the ocean beyond the mountains, and resolved to be its discoverer. An intense ardor filled his mind. He gathered a small band of Spaniards, pressed on through the unknown land amidst the hostile savages, disease, want, the intolerable heat, the lofty hills, the unknown way. For twenty-five days he wandered in the wilderness, lost, almost hopeless; his companions despaired; the distant ocean seemed to recede, like the mirage of Sahara. But at last the Indians told them the water was near. Balboa directed his men to halt, ascended alone the side of a steep mountain, and with boundless joy—the joy of a discoverer—saw before him the tranquil waves of the unknown sea. He knelt, gave thanks to God for the signal favor vouchsafed to him. He summoned his companions, and armed with buckler and sword, advancing into the waves, took possession of the ocean in the name of his king. Intense emotion was the ruling trait of these early adventurers; but Balboa might well exult, for he alone had discovered the true pathway to the Indies.

Yet for three centuries from its discovery the narrow isthmus scarcely fulfilled the purpose for which it seemed designed. It remained almost as rude and savage as when Balboa clambered over its rugged cliffs. The Spaniards held it in their exclusive grasp. Pizarro led his forces over its wild paths to Panama, and thence to Peru; the passage from sea to sea became a familiar one; the buccaneers robbed the Spanish cities that sprang up on its eastern shore, and Drake in his wide wanderings stole away the ingots of Panama. The isthmus drew the attention of the acute Law; the famous Darien Company had been founded upon the brilliant speculation of making it the highway of nations, the pathway to the wealth of the Indies. But the climate, the hills, the jealousy of Spain, interfered with every project, and until the year 1848 the forests of Darien, the cliffs and mountains, seemed impenetrable to the steps of civilization. At length California was discovered; the gold-seekers required the shortest path from the East to the Pacific; Darien was filled with eager throngs who explored the route through Nicaragua, and clambered over the hills to Panama. The Panama Railroad was soon demanded, and built under American control; the fine steamers of the Pacific Mail Company began to ply on either shore; the isthmus has become the source and centre of a traffic that astonishes mankind; the swift rush of the railcar is heard incessantly beneath the hills whence Balboa looked down upon his unknown sea; and the harbor whence Pizarro set out for the conquest of Peru has become the cradle of the commerce of the East.

Still the requirements of the age are not satisfied, nor is the pathway to the Indies complete. Water communication is still preferred to the railway; great fleets of vessels carry the products of the Pacific shore far away by the Straits of Magellan; the cost of a land carriage drives the heavier goods from the railways of the isthmus and the continent; nothing will content men until they have pierced the narrow neck of land with a ship-canal, and can open a direct water communication between London, Canton, and New York. The idea is one of the most natural that can arise. It has filled for generations the minds of the speculative and thoughtful. He who would leave his mark on the surface of the earth by an almost indelible and a most useful labor, must pierce the narrow chain of mountains, and join the Atlantic and the Pacific. Canal-builders, in fact, have been among the most noted benefactors of their race. Clinton, musing over the capacities of the wilderness, gave food to Europe, and prosperity to Ohio and New York. Colbert, joining the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, revived the trade of large districts of France. The Grand Canal of Kublai Khan, reaching from Canton to Pekin, for six centuries was crowded with the splendid barges of the mandarins and the traffic of a population of hundreds of millions. Around its fertile banks, says a Dutch traveller in 1650, the fairest landscapes opened; along its track the great cities flourished, and the people of China grew prosperous and rich from their wonderful water communication. The canals of Holland and Belgium have covered the land with prosperity. M. Lesseps has accomplished what the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies failed to complete; amidst the shifting desert sands great ships sail securely to their destination, and the commerce of India has turned again to its old channel of the Arabian Sea.

It is asserted, no doubt with truth, that a canal over the Isthmus of Darien would surpass in its effect upon the welfare of man all that has been done by the most remarkable labors of the past. The Northwest Passage would no longer be sought for, the Northeastern would scarcely be desired. We should have an outlet to the Indies open at all seasons; the frosts that close the Welland and the Erie canals would never be felt at Darien: the chief objection to internal navigation in the North is removed; there would be a short and secure passage opened to the ships of all nations, and the route from New York to China and Japan would be the highway for the world's trade. Fancy may well enlarge upon these inevitable results. The ships that now sail around Cape Horn laden with the grain of California and Oregon would save one-half the distance by crossing at Darien; the ships that now follow a long and difficult route from China to Europe would find a shorter and safer channel; a great impulse would be given to the settlement of the Pacific States; new cities would spring up from San Francisco to the ports of Oregon; labor would find employment; the best immigrants from Europe would come over in growing numbers; knowledge would advance, and civilization and good order extend to regions that have never known the hand of progress. These expectations are not unreasonable; the canal would be the centre of a shipping trade greater than anything that has been known before; it would be the long-desired pathway to the Indies.

But can it be built? This was the question asked and answered at the Paris Convention. There are great difficulties arising from the formation of the country, the climate, the government, the people. But none that can not apparently be overcome. The chain of the Andes that forms the Isthmus of Darien rises in various peaks to the height of several hundred feet; the volcanic soil of Nicaragua and the lowlands of Aspinwall and Panama are deposits of fertile land lying at the base of the unchangeable hills. But the fatal earthquakes that shake down cities and villages in the distant regions of Caracas and Peru do not seem to reach the Panama Railroad, or its different ports. The climate, it is said, is less dangerous than has usually been supposed; the government may be controlled by the exercise of prudence and firmness; the chief difficulty is the chain of granite cliffs that, as in the days of Balboa, rise like an everlasting wall between the two seas. It is impossible to escape them. One plan—that of M. Lesseps—proposes to carve out a broad passage along the route of the Panama Railroad, to defy the obstacles of nature, and make an actual strait or river beneath the granite hills. A different plan suggests an enormous tunnel; another would make use of the lakes of Nicaragua, and cross the mountains by a series of locks. All the plans proposed seem exceedingly difficult and bold. The cost is estimated at hundreds of millions; the time, five to seven years. The intelligence of the most accomplished engineers, the labors of the highest scientific ingenuity, will be required to pierce the Andes and join the Atlantic to the Pacific. But the work will no doubt be done. The age that has completed two tunnels under the Alps, the Suez Canal, the Atlantic telegraph, the Pacific Railway, will find no insurmountable obstacle in the perils and pains of Darien. The general feeling seems to be that the canal should be undertaken at once, and completed with the utmost speed. It has become a matter of wonder that it has not been done long ago. Why have not men made the pathway to the Indies they so long sought for with endless toil and danger? Why have they drained the lakes of Holland, bored beneath the lofty top of Mont Cenis, climbed with their engines the Andes of Peru, and neglected alone the Darien Canal, that promises to be the most useful and productive of all the labors of man?

But one thing is still to be insisted upon in this great work; it must be undertaken and controlled by Americans. American capital may here find a safe investment. The interests of the continent require the canal, and the assurance of the perfect fulfillment of its objects could never be made if it remained in foreign hands.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

II.

THE day wore slowly on; a snowy, blowing, boisterous day, dark and dreary. When twilight fell, the vicar had not come back. "There's reason in roasting eggs," thought Keziah. "I must let 'em out now. I'll tell him as they've been in all day, and he knows as me ain't a one to fib."

So she let them out. Rob rushed with a bound and a shout down the passage; Ray came with a slow step, wondering if letting them out would get his nurse into trouble.

"Master's rare late," said the man who did odd jobs. "Mappen he'll sleep at squire's?"

"Ay, I shouldn't wonder that he do," answered Keziah. The squire's was the biggest house at Tamsleigh, the village where the furze-cutter Job Stevens lay on his death-bed.

"Sure he's staying at squire's, and a more natural thing than what he often do," she thought, as she did the bolts and bars, and shut the shutters, and told the odd man that he had better sleep upon the premises, as master was away.

No one felt anxious. The vicar had gone to Tamsleigh, and seeing how bitter and wild the day was, had staid to sleep at his old friend's: what more likely?

The children had a merry time while the snow fell and the winds blew; Keziah was a merry soul by nature, and had all kinds of funny stories, and saying it was next but one to Christmas-eve, roasted apples for them, and stuck the apples full of cloves and set them bobbing in a bowl of currant wine in the old game that Ben Jonson sings of in his carol.

It was quite late, past eight o'clock, when the children went to bed.

"And please God take care of the birds in the snow. Amen," said Ray, at the close of his bedside prayers.

"Amen," said Rob, winking and sleepy.

No one was anxious at all that night, but when the morning came, and the noon passed, and their father had not returned, a great alarm spread itself from the servants to the children.

The weather had become terrible. The snow fell perpetually, the air was very dark, the winds were very rough; such a day had not been seen in Devon for over twenty years; and away where the sea was, ships and barks were tossing in the snow-storm in sore peril.

"Where can the master be?" said Keziah, in great perplexity; it would be impossible to stay at the squire's at Tamsleigh, for the morrow was Christmas-day, and where would the church be without its church service?

The parish was a very scattered one; a few farms, a few cottages, with miles between each, spread over the moorland, and about the vicarage and church itself there were only a few poor houses; the only house of any importance was the squire's over at Tamsleigh. The few people, however, who did dwell near came, dropping in as the dark day wore itself on, and each had some darker suggestion, some ghostlier remembrance, than the last, to offer in consolation.

Ray stood listening, with big startled eyes. He was happy because his nurse had given him a sieveful of grain for the birds, yet he felt a dull sense of something dreadful being near. Rob sang, and raced, and shouted, and played at his pleasure; the terrible snow-storm had no terrors for him.

"It is passing strange," said Keziah, anxiously, and knew not what to do; for it was not weather to send man or beast over the moor, and the vicar might only scold if she did send, supposing he was safe and well at Tamsleigh great hall; he always hated "a fuss."

She did not know what to do.

But at twilight, or rather just as the black day was merging into the yet blacker night, and the mounds of snow were rising higher and higher against windows and door, there came a poor old peddler who had struggled through the storm with his pack on his back, and was half frozen, and begged shelter.

He was a man well known in the district. They had him in and set him in the chimney-corner, and gave him mulled wine and the promise of a bed; but scarce had he come to his full senses out of his cold and his fright when he asked for the vicar; and when he heard that as yet the master of the house was not at home, he got up in his agitation, though his limbs were all stiff as statues with rheumatism.

"But I passed his reverence yester eve, coming for home above Tamsleigh," he shouted. "The Lord save us! the Lord save us! Sure as I be a living soul, he's lost on the moor."

The few neighbors who were gathered in the kitchen screamed aloud, and the children, listening, grew pale.

"Art sure 'twas master?" cried Keziah.

"Lord bless us, I be sure!" reiterated the peddler. "He gev me good-even, and said as how he'd be here long afore me, but I struck aside to take some hooks and eyes and thread to Dame Carew as she'd ordered of me, and so we parted company, and I slep' at Carew's hut and come on i' the morn. Lord save us! he's a dead man!"

In the bustle and outcry that succeeded, no one noticed the children for a few moments till Rob shrieked out,

"Raidie's dead too!"

It was then seen that Ray had fainted.

In a little while he was brought round, and opened his eyes bewilderedly.

"Father wouldn't help the birds!" he murmured, and shuddered and wept.

Keziah, with more grief on her shoulders than she felt it right for one lone woman to have to bear, carried Ray up to his little bed, and bidding him not to fret so, because there was always hope, ran down stairs, stormed at the peddler for having been such a fool as to speak before the children, and then took counsel with her neighbors as to what was best to do.

The men volunteered to go out in search, but there were only four or five of them, and two of them were very old. Still out they went with their horn lanterns and their pickaxes, the dog of the house with them, and the thick-falling snow soon hid them from sight.

They thought of going up to the church tower and ringing the two bells that were there; but they reflected that it would be of no use, because the wind was so high that the bells could have no chance of being heard. So the men went out to search as best they could in the wild night, and their frightened women sat for the most part in the kitchen of the vicarage, taking a strange and terrible pleasure in hearing the peddler cry a hundred times, "Lord save us! he's a dead man!" till Keziah told him to go to bed for an old fool, which at last reluctantly he did.

The women sat over the fire and sipped spiced wine, and told each other horrible tales of things their fathers and forefathers had done or known, with many a "He says, says he," occurring in their narrative.

Keziah sat up by the bedside of Rob and Ray. Rob slept, but Ray lay wide-awake, and ever and again he shivered and moaned. "Papa wouldn't help the birds—he wouldn't—and I *know* God was angry."

The long night wore away, the winds never ceasing to howl, the snow never ceasing to fall. At daybreak the men returned, having found nothing. They said they had searched all the moor for eight miles, but in real truth, though they did not know it, they had scarcely been a mile from home, having only gone round and round in a circle, not seeing where they were in the darkness. The morning broke gray and dreary; the snow fell still, but the winds dropped. Keziah chose the youngest and strongest of the men, and bade him strive to get across to Tamsleigh. It was hard to do, and an errand of danger, for the paths were all obliterated, and communication of every kind stopped, but the man was a bold young fellow, and promised to do his best. "Though as for that," he muttered, "his reverence is a dead man if he's out all this freezin' night." The other men went up to the church tower and set the bells tolling; the wind had fallen, and it was possible that in the more distant houses they might be heard, and some help or some news come.

It was now eleven o'clock in the morning, the hour at which the service of Christmas-day should have begun. The church was a little dark dismal place; here and there it had been brightened with a bit of holly or a bough of bearberry-tree: the vicar did not approve such follies, and there was little done to relieve the bare stone walls, the square box of a pulpit, the tiny chancel, dismal and damp as any dungeon. As the weather cleared a little, the women dropped in, in their red cloaks, and these made a glow in the darkness, but they did not stay, for the church was very cold, and it seemed more cold and horrible having no prayer there on Christ's morn, and the pastor maybe frozen dead in some snow-drift.

At the vicarage Keziah tried in vain to read the morning service to the children by the kitchen fire; her voice faltered, and their attention wandered. They were all grave and frightened, even the twin babies, and Ray sat in the window-seat with his face pressed against the glass, quite silent. The look of the boy alarmed his nurse almost more than the loss of her master.

"He do take things to heart so!" she said to herself, with a sigh.

It was of no use to try and read; she closed the big black prayer-book, and let the startled parishioners come in; some of them had plodded many miles over the snow not to miss the blessing of the Christmas prayer, and they found the church empty and the vicar absent. All were sure that he was dead; surer yet, when a man, at great risk to himself, came over from Tamsleigh Great House to say the squire trusted that his reverence had reached home safely.

"Didn't I tell ye truth, ye unbelievin' Jews?" said the peddler, who enjoyed his own importance as a sharer in this terrible history.

There could be no doubt now. The vicar had left Tamsleigh, refusing all the squire's offers, and had set forth to walk home.

Every one there knew that he must have lost his way, and in all likelihood perished.

"It do come like a judgment," whispered Keziah to a friend out of the children's hearing. "Ay it do. He scolded and punished them dear little souls just for feeding the frozen-out birds! And now—now he know himself what it was—death in the snow."

Rob began to cry because the women were crying and he was frightened. Ray never shed a tear or said a word; he only thought to himself, with an unutterable horror, "God *was* angry!"

Christmas morning began to pass away. The beef lay unroasted; the pudding that had been in its pot all night boiled madly unnoticed; the bells of the church tolled without ceasing. Folks began to come in from the outlying parts of the parish as the skies cleared and the frost made the snow passable. They all brought terrible tales of the past day and night; of sheep frozen to death, of carts blocked, of travellers lost, of horses killed, of boys drowned by the splitting ice, and of hamlets shut off from each other. It was even rumored that the great train from London, twenty miles away, was standing still all the night with its freight of passengers, unable to move, and that some of them had been frozen to death.

Keziah listened with a beating heart to all these histories; it was now three o'clock; she had put away the Christmas dinner, and fed the children on milk porridge, and kept them quiet round her. There was no love in them to agitate their little souls for their missing father, but the sense of some great calamity around weighed on them, and kept them still and frightened. Ray was mute, and scarcely moved.

By four it was once more quite dark. The villagers hung about, cowed and afraid, like the children. Christmas-day was passing, and there had been no service in the church. It seemed to them a thing so terrible that the sin of it would lie on them forever.

All the hushed whitened moor was without a sound; the safely folded sheep bleated now and then, and the cattle lowed in the byre; that was all; otherwise a silence like that of death inwrapped the village and the church, and the people dared not speak above their voices. All at once Keziah arose and took the two little girls, one on each of her own strong arms, with their woollen hoods pulled over their flaxen heads.

"Christ's day must not go by without a prayer said in His church," she said to the folks in her kitchen. "Let us go and pray there for master. 'Twill save the day from heathendom."

She went out into the deepening gloom, into the air that was bitter still, but quite windless. Followed by the children, she went over the snow under the dark boughs of the trees to the church door, and entered it, the women going behind her with lanterns under their cloaks. They set down their lanterns in the middle of the aisle, and the light made a little pale glow on the tombstones that formed the pavement. Keziah kneeled down and prayed aloud, and the voices of the people echoed hers; when her prayers had ceased, and all was silent, the little faint tones of Ray stole through the stillness:

"God, please do not be angry any more because papa made a mistake; he did not mean to be cruel. Please save the sheep and the birds, and save him. Please do not be angry any more."

Then his own little voice died away in a sob, and all the women kneeling there in the cold and dark wept too. Solemnly as they had entered, they left the church; some one had said, "Let us sing a psalm," but no one could sing; their hearts were too full, for all their men were out on the moors, and who could tell what might chance

there? Then Keziah on her threshold turned and said to her neighbors:

"Now thank ye all kindly, but go to your homes. Gossiping is bad at such a time as this. For me, I will keep by the hearth with the children. The Lord succor their father!"

The women were moved at the seriousness of a woman always mirthful and neighborly, and each went quietly to her own cottage. She herself went home, as she had said that she should, and the little boys gathered about her knees, and the little girls slept in her arms. Night once more began to fall over the world of snow. In the inner kitchen the old peddler and an old laborer, too aged to go out and assist to search, were talking low over their ale of storms that they had known forty long years before.

Keziah had shut no shutters; she had lit candles and put them against each casement, so that by chance the light might assist her master if he were able to find his homeward way.

"Lord help them all, poor souls!" she thought, rocking the babies in her arms, and thinking of the ships at sea, of the travellers on the moor, of the sheep lost on the tors, and the trains blocked in the snow.

Ray, with his hands clasped about his little naked legs, sat and gazed into the fire, his eyes wide open, his lips parted. "Pray do not make me go to bed," he said, once; "*pray* do not."

So when she put the others to sleep, she let him sit up with her by the fire. "Why won't you go to bed, my dear?" she asked him, as the cuckoo clock told nine of the night.

Ray shuddered.

"In my bed, last night, when I did sleep, I saw papa dead in the snow, and God's birds covering him with leaves. I should see it again now."

"Ah, my poor child!"

He leaned his head against her, and they sat in the chimney-corner together.

The cuckoo called ten o'clock.

There was a sound of voices outside the house, the shuffling of men's feet in the crisp snow; the dog barked, the flash of torches flared red on the lattices. Ray and his nurse sprang up and rushed to the door and forced it open. The men were bearing a litter, and the foremost of them cried out, "Little master, it's your father. We've done a good Christmas night's work. Nay, nay, he's not dead; never fear!"

Ray rushed out into the snow.

For many moments all was confusion; then the men laid the shutter gently down before the fire, and taking off the wraps strown over him, showed Ray the motionless form of his father, whose eyes unclosed, and whose gray lips feebly murmured,

"My little boy, don't be afraid."

Ray burst into tears, and kissed his father as he had never dared to kiss him in his life.

Setting out to walk homeward from Tamsleigh, he had crossed half the moor in safety, in the teeth of the blinding snow; then, as darkness fell, had missed his way, and had wandered so far and become so exhausted by the wind and the bitter air that he had lost all power of even guessing where he was, and so had grown feebler and blinder at each step, and had staggered for shelter into a hollow place made by some rocks and trees; there he had sat down, wrapping himself in his cloak, and trusting the dawn would break. But the fury of the storm had uprooted some of the trees and loosened some of the bowlders; with a roar as of thunder the huge stones, and the oak that grew with them, had fallen across the entrance of his shelter, and barred him in, a prisoner. There, half frozen, famished, miserable, he had passed the night of Christmas-eve and the wild day of Yule itself, while his people were searching for him east and west, north and south, and his little son was praying Heaven "not to be angry." He had resisted the longing to sleep that came over him, knowing such sleep to be fatal; but he had given himself up for lost, hemmed in by the impassable barrier of the fallen oak and the rocks, and knowing well that none could see him or hear his voice, shout as he would over the desolate moor.

Death was very near him; and in its awful presence he regretted many things and repented many. He thought of his poor little children with shame and sorrow, and he remembered how he had struck the child for its charity to the birds—for the alms of bread that now he would have thanked Heaven for himself! When the sound of the searchers coming over the snow was borne to his ear, and the cries of his own dog—the dog he had often chained and often beaten—brought them to his hiding-place, and with ropes let down to him from above they dragged him up into the star-lit whitened world, the stern vicar was no whit stronger than his little son; he swooned away.

He had been imprisoned in the snow for thirty hours.

As he lay in the warmth of his own hearth, with the fire-light dancing on the light curls of Ray, he opened his feeble arms to the child.

"My boy, I have been cruel to you. Forgive me. Since my life has been spared, I will try to make it a blessing to you and to your brothers."

"And the birds?" whispered Ray.

His father smiled.

"You shall hang a sheaf of corn out every winter, as they do in the Sweden of your story-books. I know now what it is—to die in the snow."

Ray laid his head upon his father's breast, and was happy.

And when the morning, which was cloudless, came, he had his sheaf of wheat, and hung it above the door, and all the birds flocked to it, fluttering and chirping in little multitudes, the bold bright robins foremost.

"God did hear me when I asked Him not to be angry any more," said Ray; and Rob said, "Me too; I asked Him."

Hand in hand they looked up at the broad blue sky.

THE END.

AN ANTIQUARY'S GHOST STORY.

[From the London *Athenæum*.]

Little more than two months have passed since my own personal experience of mental phenomena was strikingly enlarged by the occurrence with which the following narrative deals. Yet already I find that round the original story there has gathered a surprising accumulation of the mythical element, and that I myself am in danger of becoming a hero of romance in more senses than one. As I object to be looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and, on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer whose disorganized nervous system renders him abnormally liable to fantastic delusions, I have yielded to the earnest request of some who have begged me to make public the following paper. I am told that there are those who busy themselves in collecting similar stories, and if it be so, it is better they should hear the facts from me than after they have passed through other channels. The narrative was written, at the request of a friend, not many days after the event, when all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection.

On the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall, to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some weeks previously I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability, or "fag." I arrived at 4 P.M., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these, four at least had been great travellers. I myself was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art, and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen, and comment upon it suggestively. I have very rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We "left off as we began," and as two of the guests had some distance to drive, we broke up at half past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me, and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices, and the servants should be allowed to retire. By eleven o'clock I was the only person down stairs, and I was very soon busily at work, and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fire-place and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine. There were six small volumes in all. I took them down, and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book, I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of Seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, *as I was actually writing*, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there set a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness: curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Up stairs I have a sketch-book—shall I fetch it?" There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, *but lest he should go.* Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I can not explain why I did this. My arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed, and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened for perhaps another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract, when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address to him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. *I was afraid of the sound of my own voice.* There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell: the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles, and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty—I know not which—but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory, or inference I leave to others.

Augustus Jessopp, D.D.

A BIT OF LONDON STREET LIFE.

There is a branch of street entertainments that has fallen off of late years in London, that which includes the performances of animals. The hare and tabor have too long ago vanished to be more than merely alluded to; but until twenty years back, say, performing dogs were a common feature of our highways and by-ways. Indeed, they are so rarely seen now that it may be worth while to make mention of almost the last remaining of the tribe. The animal in question accompanies a dancing Scotchman, whose silvery locks, no less than his weather-beaten visage and his battered-looking old bonnet, proclaim him a veteran in the army of peripatetic performers. His brogues are trodden down at heel, the tartan of his hose is marred in countless places with the healing efforts of the darning-needle, his scarlet regimental coat—for he pretends to military origin—has holes at the elbows, and its gaping button-holes are eked out with scraps of twine; but he possesses a spirit that soars above such trifling deficiencies. He makes no appeal to public compassion; he claims encouragement and support on his merits as a performer on the bagpipes and a dancer to his own music; and in the latter capacity he acquits himself with an amount of spirit and energy that, in muddy weather, bespatters him to his very eyebrows. He is an ardent believer in the stimulative qualities of whiskey, as is attested by his bloodshot eyes and the emulative hue of his nasal organ, which seems to mellow toward evening, as fruits ripen in the autumn-time. But though the spectator does not feel called upon to commiserate the man, it is hard to withhold a full measure of pity from the unlucky dog that is the constant companion of the Scotchman's musical perambulations. It is an intelligent animal of the poodle breed, with its hinder parts clean shaven, and with nothing left it of the distinguishing shagginess of its tribe but a kind of mock mane, a bedraggled tuft to its tail, and an inch or two of slovenly raggedness about its unfortunate toes. Unfortunate in more than a manner of speaking, since the drunken old bagpiper, in his wild capering, not being as accurate as he might be in his steps, frequently treads on them, when his poor, patient, four-footed companion makes a lame attempt to respond to the inspiring strains of the pipes, as, raised on its hind-legs, it faces its master. If ever there was an instance of unselfish devotion, it is manifested by that wretched poodle. In private life, and when the weary pair have limped home late at night, they may possibly partake of the same supper and share the same bed; but in public the poor beast has a miserable time of it. It wears a kilt and a Scotch bonnet, and in the excitement of a strathspey the latter will shake down over one eye or both; but let it stop only for a moment to regain its obstructed vision, and the fierce Scotchman, without pausing in the tune, will send such a blast through the pipes as to cause the afflicted animal to leap a foot from the ground; and it keeps on capering blindfold, thereby doubling the danger of getting its toes trodden on. Sometimes when it does not move quick enough, the Scotchman will, by the vigorous application of the toe of his shoe, cause it to accomplish a perfect somersault; but it alights on its hind-legs without resentment, and mends its paces with meek obedience in its eyes. One could almost wish rather that it made for a vengeful mouthful out of the old rascal's bare calf, and then ran for it. But where could it run to? An unencumbered dog might do so, and with some chance of finding a home and honest employment in a distant part of the country; but a dog in a plaid petticoat! The hateful bonnet it might get rid of, but not the tightly tied on emblem of its make-believe nationality. Wherever it went, it would be as surely recognized as an escaping convict, whose nether limbs are incased the one in black and the other in canary-color, and captured ignominiously and returned to its tyrant master. Does that sagacious poodle in its scant hours of leisure reflect on the hardships of its existence? Does it lie awake of nights, when the whiskified old bagpiper is snoring, licking its abraded toes, and sorrowfully recalling the days of happy puppyhood? It looks quite capable of doing so. It looks capable of so much, that when it comes round with the leather saucer in its mouth, one bestows a copper on the dog, not on the man. Its beseeching eyes seem to say: "Do, please. If we have a good day, there will be enough for his whiskey, and perhaps a penny over to buy meat for me."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The keen alacrity with which an insurance company reaches out after a man's premium seems heartless, and the company feels that it is so, for it always endeavors to atone for it by the sad, gloomy reluctance with which it goes into courts to avoid payment of the policy when the man dies.

Some doctors are very disagreeable creatures, being always out of patients.

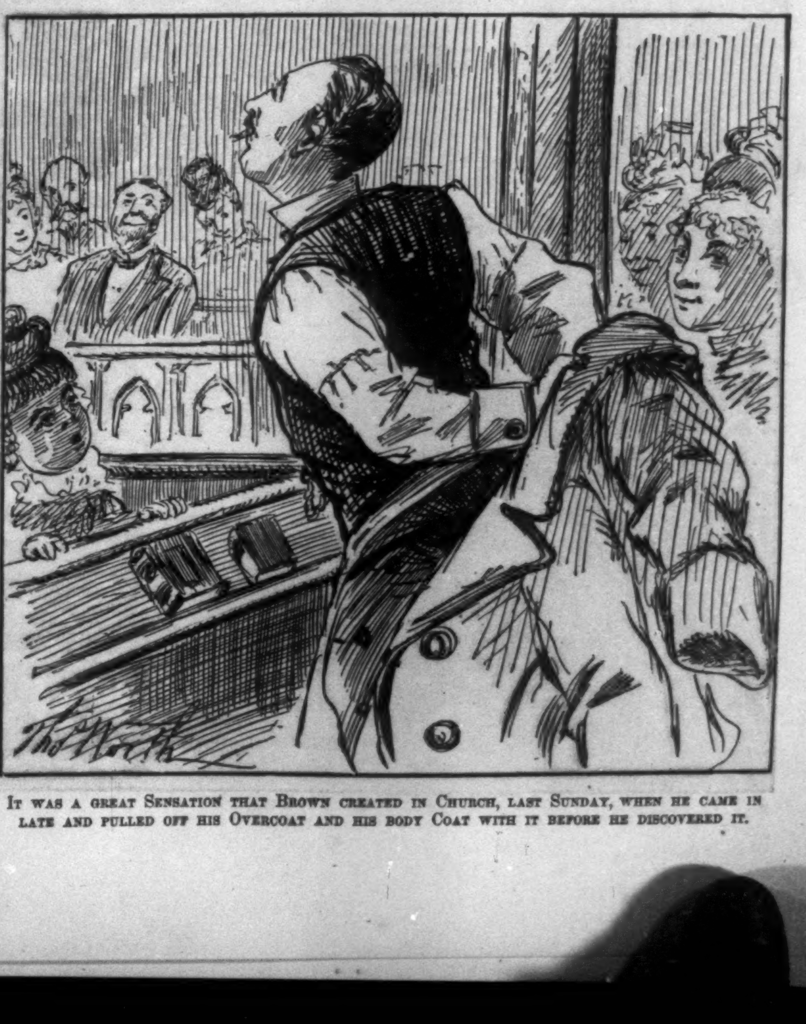
The Laplander eats only a tallow candle when he wants a light breakfast.

It ought not to be considered improper to present a slow man with a hurri-cane.

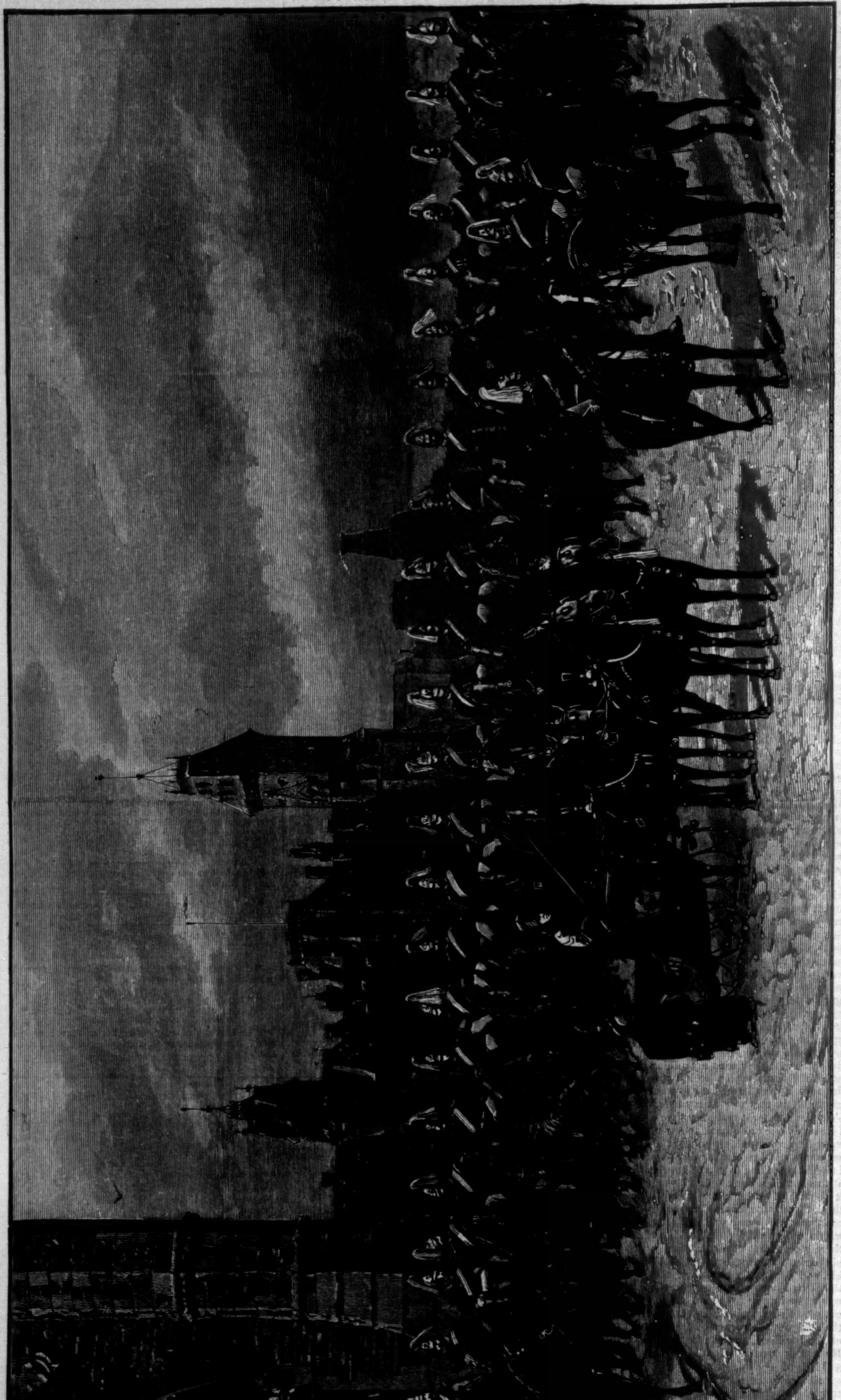
Many a man gets a reputation for being a knowing man who is simply an owing man.

"What does your father do, my little man?"
Brooklyn Boy. "Please, sir, he's a pew broker."

Why is a verbal confession better than a written one?—Because a no-pen confession is good for the soul.



It was a great Sensation that Brown created in Church, last Sunday, when he came in late and pulled off his Overcoat and his body Coat with it before he discovered it.



THE OTTAWA DRAGOON GUARDS—ESCORT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

THE DRAGOON GUARDS.

THE fine body of cavalry shown in the accompanying sketch is known as the Ottawa Dragoon Guards, the escort of her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE. The picture represents the Guards waiting in line to receive the Viceroy and his royal consort on their return from the opening of the Canadian Parliament.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

THE miserable hovel of which two views, interior and exterior, are given, in the engravings on page 109, is no product of the imagination, but is an actual dwelling existing in the west of Ireland. It was pointed out to our artist while on a visit to the little town of Clifden, and thus he writes of it: "A kindly member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the town showed me in the by-ways a condition of things disgraceful to the age and civilization in which we live. He pointed out to me from the road the hovel shown in the sketch, but neither sketch nor description can give any idea of the wretched reality. It was hard to believe that anything human could exist in such a place. A scramble up the rocky side of a steep hill brought me to a patch of swampy ground, into which I sank at each step to the ankles. On this unwholesome spot was what appeared to be a heap of rubbish, with smoke issuing from the crevices at its sides. The surroundings were disgusting in the extreme. The only entrance, serving for both door and window, was a hole about three feet high, through which I crawled to the interior on my hands and knees, discovering a woman, old and blind, and a boy of six years, crouching over a fire on the floor. The place was such as any English laborer would be ashamed to keep coals in. There was no sign of either food or bedding.

"The old woman told me their story: Her son and his wife, who was consumptive, had gone out to try and pick up a meal for the helpless mouths at home. They had been evicted from their cabin and their land some fourteen months before. 'It was snowing hard that night,' said she, 'and I wasn't able to stand, for I'm sick with the asthma, and blind. I don't blame the pollis; they only did what they were told. The sergeant begged Mrs. CARR to let us stop in the house till mornin', but they threw us out into the cold and snow.' Her son hastily built up their place of shelter against a bit of old wall, and here they had existed ever since. The old woman had a sack over her, which, as she recounted her wrongs, often fell to the floor. Whenever this happened, the little boy got up from his stool, and with the air of a gentleman, albeit he was clothed in rags, placed it carefully about his grandmother's shoulders. He was an intelligent little fellow, whose ambition was to 'grow big, so big that he might join the militia,' thereby helping those he loved out of that poor home, and placing them beyond reach of the want that pinched them, and sharpened his wits."

There can be no doubt that the condition of affairs in Ireland is very melancholy. In all the newspapers of the country columns of print are devoted to the subject in articles, letters, and reports of various kinds, all repeating the same monotonous cry, with only local distinction. As the winter becomes more advanced, and the unusually genial weather which has continued during the most critical part of the season begins to change, and the air to become moist and keen, while the store of potatoes which has been laid up is getting scarce, and soon likely to disappear altogether, the destitution is developed in some cases in most acute forms. Of course in many instances the reports are exaggerated, but those that come from good authority show the distress to be extreme. A letter written by Dr. GILLOOLY, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sligo, to one of the many relief committees, makes known the condition of the poor people of that diocese from detailed statements furnished by each of the priests respecting his own flock. He states that the failure of crops, the loss and depreciation of live stock, and other causes of distress, which have been severely felt in other parts of Ireland, have pressed on them with exceptional severity. The potato crop was all but wholly lost in the County Roscommon. Scarcely one-tenth of it was fit for human use. The hay was lost and the grass injured to a great extent on low-lying, undrained lands. The sheep, which constitute the chief source of prosperity, perished by disease from end to end of the county, in many cases to the utter ruin of graziers and farmers. Business has collapsed in the towns, tenants are unable to pay their rents, landlords themselves are straitened and embarrassed—in a word, distress is universal; while in the cottier and small tenant class, especially along the sea-side and on worn-out bog lands, there are thousands of families already suffering from hunger, and if relief does not speedily reach them, sickness and death will soon visit their desolate cabins.

The constantly recurring periods of famine and distress in Ireland lead a thinking mind to inquire wherein may lie the basis of these calamities, from which other civilized countries of equal size and advantages are comparatively free. The answer unfortunately is only too readily arrived at, and then is most discouraging to those who would like to find some practicable means whereby the unhappy country might be lifted above her difficulties. The key-notes of Irish character are carelessness, improvidence, frivolity, and helpless dependence. These are the root of the ills from which she suffers. No representative of any nation possesses such peculiar complexities of character, or is at once so impracticable, as the average Irishman. Brought up from his cradle in the attitude of unquestioning submission to the Church, as represented by the parish priest, he is always ready to follow any leader who proclaims himself ready to grant his desires, and with a

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—EXTERIOR OF A CABIN.

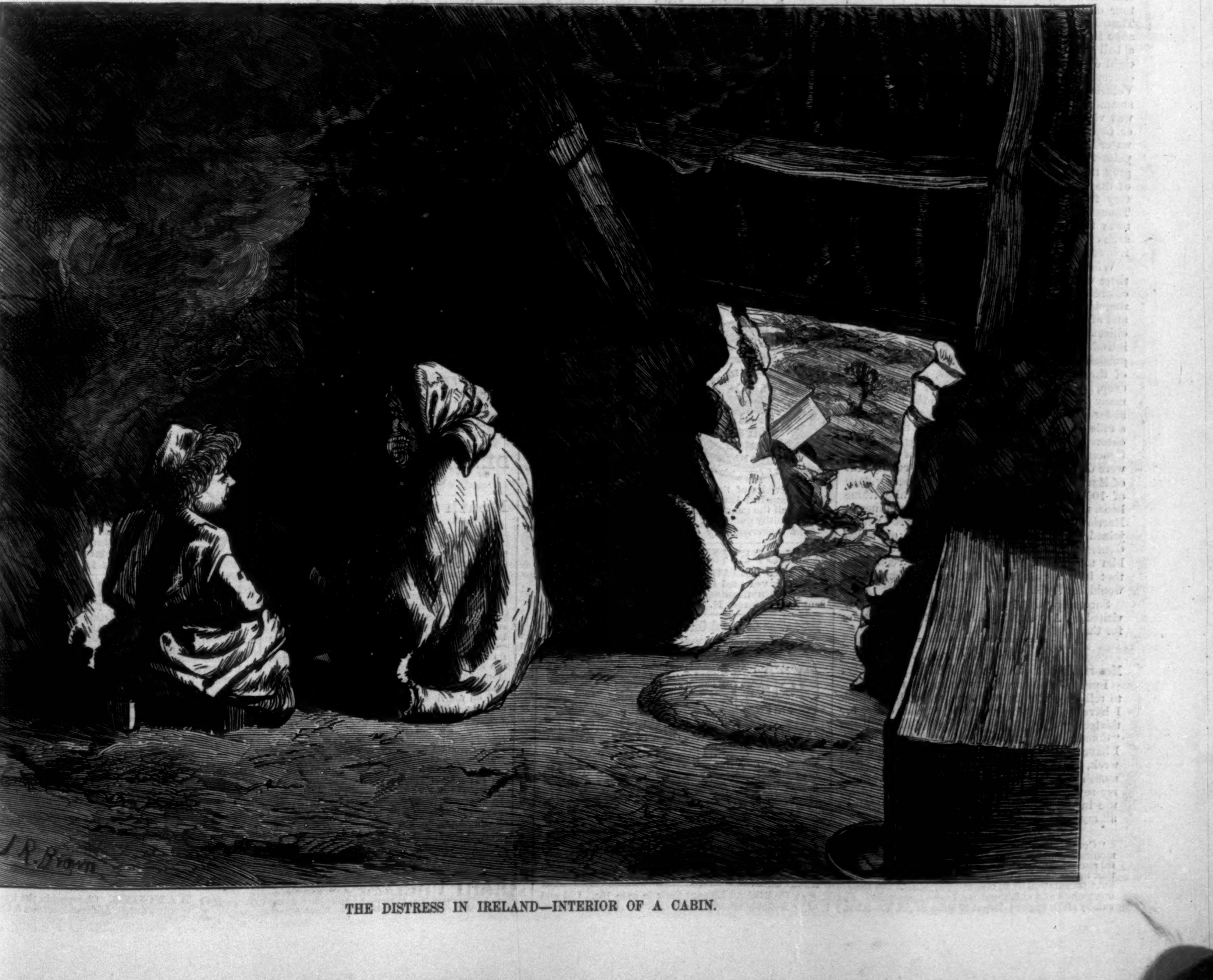
hereditary hatred of England, fostered by his surroundings, he nevertheless looks to that government to protect him from his enemies, and to feed him when he is hungry. An English writer who has made a study of Irish character paints it graphically but justly as follows:

"Litigious, quarrelsome, revengeful, he has his good sides also. Good-natured and sociable and fond of fun, keen-witted and argumentative to the last degree, he enjoys life fairly. Hospitality is still one of his cardinal virtues, and he charms by his pleasant manners the passing stranger with whom he has no business relations. A mass of contradictions, it is difficult to know what pleases him. Hating England apparently with a hatred that can only be expressed by Irish fecundity of invective, he never fails to come to the front when men are required to fight her battles; and revering the parish priest with the awe due to one possessed of supernatural powers, he stops his dues, nails up the door of the chapel, and boldly denounces him as a tyrant, when he has ventured to oppose any popular sentiment. Lying, when occasion seems to demand it, with a brazen disregard to truth that would have put Ananias to the blush, he loves truth in others, and bears no malice to the adversary who has succeeded by the practice of that virtue. No man on earth respects justice more, or practices it less. He will work day and night to make a man go crooked in his favor, and despise him heartily for having done so; and rending Heaven with cries for mercy and justice from a ferocious government for a starving and helpless people, he sows threatening notices broadcast lest any man should pay his just debts, and as a warning to those who honestly intend to meet their engagements he has maimed and killed the cattle of some, fired into the houses of others, in some cases beaten, and in one instance mutilated, the man who had paid his rent. Like steam, he is a good servant, but a bad master. When disciplined, his brilliant courage has been displayed on nearly every battle-field in Europe and in every country on the face of the globe; and his fidelity was amply proved by that splendid force, the Irish constabulary, at the time of the Fenian rebellion; but at home his moral cowardice and obliquity in matters of social order afford a hitherto unsolved problem in Irish criminal procedure."

A single glance at the history of Ireland will show that unthrift and dependence are the very centres of her national life. No amount of suffering and misery has ever taught her the value of economy, thrift, and self-reliance. In the early times, when the sparse population of the country was divided into clans, about seventy in number, chiefs were elected from members of the ruling family. Upon these the unfortunate "kern" was helplessly dependent. Until the reign of James I. the lower orders of Irish had no legal tenure, no freehold property. Dr. O'Conner tells us that they were worse off than the negroes in the West Indies. "Their haughty chiefs could punish them at pleasure by coigne and livery, by cosherings, cessings, cuttings, tallages, spendings, etc., and even by death."

After the last of the various uprisings against English conquest, the conquered territories were granted to English settlers, who, especially in the west and southwest, let the lands on the system that existed in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and is now to be found in Russia, and, to a very small extent, in the west of Ireland. A quantity of land is taken by a village, whose head-man is accountable for the rent. He divides the arable land, changing the divisions every year, so that no tenant can tell where he may sow his crop next year. Sometimes a tenant is apportioned a ridge for potatoes or a patch for oats in one part of a field, another in another, and a third a quarter of a mile distant. This is called the Rundale system, and represents the early attempt of a community to farm to a certain extent on communistic principles. In these villages the rapid increase soon reaches the limits of the food supply, and the surplus population floats off, to form a portion of the crowds of Irish in England, who will one day prove themselves as politically troublesome and unpractical as are the friends they have left behind them, or the Irish population in America.

The greatest difficulty experienced in the management of Irish estates, according to certain thinkers, is the prevention of subdivision; and for this tendency the tenant is not entirely to blame, as for over fifty years previous to the famine of 1846–47 estates had deliberately been divided into very small holdings. This system was inaugurated in 1793, when the Catholic Relief Act restored to the Catholics the power to vote without having first taken the oath of supremacy. The bill gave a vote to every person who held a lease for life, the declared annual value of the farm being forty shillings over the amount of rent reserved in the lease. The landlords were not slow to take advantage of this act for the manufacture of voters, and between that time and 1829, when the forty-shilling freeholders were disfranchised, the subdivision of properties went on to such an extent that the impoverished tenants who swarmed in the south and west of Ireland, living in miserable hovels, and trusting almost entirely to the produce of the potato crop, never too abundant for their wants, were certain to be destroyed by any diminution of their principal food. Down to 1829 a feeling of friendship and mutual dependence existed between the landlords and their tenants. The value of a property consisted in its rents and its votes, and when it is remembered that the possession of a property let to many voters secured the settlement of the junior members of the family, and many other advantages, the price of as much as fifty-two years' purchase, which was sometimes given, does not appear so exorbitant. The disfranchisement of these small tenants had already brought home to the landlords some of the evils of overpopulation, in increased pauperism, without the counterbalancing interest, when the failure of the potato crop in 1846 culminated in that frightful famine when the corpses lay thick upon the road-side. Men quietly laid down their spades at the foot of the public works, and died under the eyes of the overseer. Children were found vainly trying to draw nourishment from the cold breasts of their dead mothers, and every horror painted from the time of Josephus found a counterpart in the dreadful scenes of that awful time. Under such a pressure the Poor Law broke down; and though ultimately England came forward and voted eight millions to be ex-



THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—INTERIOR OF A CABIN.

pended in public works, and the charities of private associations were nobly generous, it was impossible to cope with the astounding distress. Landlords found ruin staring them in the face; and from one extreme opinion veered to the other—that the most prosperous property was that on which fewest tenants were to be found.

With these experiences still within the recollection of many persons living, it seems chimerical to fancy that Ireland's ills can ever be overcome by any scheme such as that proposed by Mr. PARNELL for making the peasant owner of the soil, and increasing the number of small holdings. Food is the thing required, and statements are freely made that a peasant proprietary means an increase of food produced per acre in cultivation. But to combat this specious reasoning we have only to turn to the able address made a short time ago by Mr. BRASSEY to the English Agricultural Society, in which it is distinctly shown that the return per acre in England, where large farms are the rule, is far beyond that of any European country, or of America, and a visit to the field of a Scotch farmer in Ireland, and to that of the small farmer at the other side of the fence, shows the advantage of the system of farming with capital over that of farming with none.

In considering the effects of a peasant proprietary as we see them in other countries, it is necessary to look at the previous history of the peasant, the character of tenure, and above all his habits. Of the condition and habits of the Irish people we know only too much from their history and their every surrounding. The first principle of farming is that the ground can not support more than one crop at a time. In the small Irish farms the land has to support not alone the crop that has been put in by a most slovenly parody on husbandry, but also a heavy crop of weeds that eats away often quite half the return of that for which the rent has been paid. If in any country a people originally thriftless, indolent, and discontented can be found who have been changed by the redistribution of property into a hard-working, contented, solvent, and law-abiding community, a strong point will be made by the advocates of recent doctrines. Probably very few would be found with the hardihood to deny that a considerable number of proprietors farming anything over forty acres would be a valuable element in Ireland as in other countries; but the demand, as it stands now, is for the endowment of the small tenant, who has not, as a rule, displayed a single trait affording promise that his emancipation from the control of a superior power will be conducive to the peace or prosperity of the country.

GENERAL GRANT ON THE OKLAWAHA.

GENERAL GRANT and his party, including General SHERIDAN, left Jacksonville, Florida, for a tour on the St. Johns and Oklawaha rivers, on Thursday, January 8. Stoppage was made at Orange Park and Green Cove, the day ending with a ball at Palatka. The steamer *Arrow* left at eight o'clock on Friday morning for Enterprise, conveying the distinguished passengers as far as Volusia Bar, where, owing to low water, a smaller steamer was engaged. The famous Oklawaha was visited on Sunday, the 11th. The steamer *Osceola* carried the delighted tourists along a water lane bordered by overhanging cypress and palmetto trees, from which long festoonings of gray moss drooped pendent. The transparency of the waters as the boat turned into the tributary from Silver Spring was greatly admired. Thousands of water-fowl of brilliant plumage sped away from the approaching boat, and that monarch of the Floridian lowlands, the alligator, was frequently seen.

When the boat reached Harrison's Landing, there was a crowd of men and women, white and colored, who had come many miles to see the distinguished traveller. The Mayor came on board, and after meeting General GRANT, said, "Fellow-citizens of Marion County, I have the honor to introduce to you General GRANT, the most distinguished living American." The crowd gave one of those shrill Southern cheers, so unlike the deep, sonorous ring of the Northern hurrah. As many people as could find room on the boat came aboard, and the steamer passed on to the spring, a mile away, where there was another throng that cheered. The curiosities of the spring inspected, General GRANT and some members of the party were driven in carriages to Ocala, the county seat of Marion, six miles distant, and a pretty village of 1000 inhabitants, built up with white frame houses and broad sandy streets. After dinner at Harris's Hotel a large number of colored people joined the crowd about the veranda on which General GRANT sat smoking his cigar, and asked him to make a speech. He smiled, remarking that it was preachers' day, and he thought he would not try it.

Succeeding this trip, the General and his party visited St. Augustine, previous to their departure for Cuba.

PLEASANT HILL, MISS., *July* 5, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

I pray God that you may be spared many years to relieve others as you have me and my child. I have been taking medicine, almost daily, for thirteen years with scarcely any benefit, until the "Constitution Water" was brought to my notice. I have attended to my household duties the past week, for the first time in three months, the past month was the first month that I have escaped my severe sick head-spells. I take great pleasure in recommending "Constitution Water" to all my suffering friends.

Very respectfully, MRS. M. A. STATEN.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

NEW YORK, No. 11 East 14th Street, *September* 15, 1879.

JAMES B. HORNER, Esq., 59 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City:

Dear Sir,—Having overcome the sharpness of a severe cold in the head with a few whiffs of your Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes, and by its continued use succeeded in dispossessing a very obstinate case of Catarrh that had seemingly come to stay, I beg to express my obligations to the proprietor of the remedy, and say that I regard it as affording a decidedly pleasant way out of a difficulty with one's own nose.

Truly yours, FRANCIS A. SILVA.

The above remedy for sale by druggists, cigar dealers, and at the Depot, 59 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City. Sample box sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents.—[*Com.*]

MANY curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by HOWARD & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

THE steam pipes, boilers, &c., of the Union Rubber Company, James Dwight & Co., and Albert Weber are protected with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Boiler Coverings. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Sole Manufacturers of genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roofing, &c.—[*Com.*]

ALLEN'S Brain Food positively cures nervous debility. $1. Send for Circular. 315 1st Av. N. Y.—[*Com.*]

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2236, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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Insures, by its use, WHITE & SOUND TEETH.

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Caution: Observe the Signature and Trade Mark.

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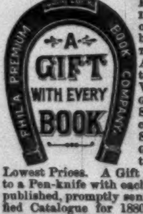

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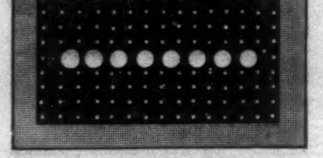

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